

## THE NIEBELUNGEN:

### OR, A FEW WEEKS WITH A STUDENT IN THE COUNTRY.

BY PROF. CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL.

(Continued from page 208.)

#### CHAPTER III.

Mr. FIMOT closed his book, and placed his finger between the leaves so as not to lose his place, while Mrs. Thorale and the rest of the party turned eagerly to listen to Mr. Karsh's promised explanation of Brunhilda's strange conduct towards Siegfried.

Mr. Karsh commenced by telling them that it was not his intention to give a lecture upon northern mythology, or northern Sagas, but only to refer to such portions of both as have a direct bearing upon the *Niebelungen Lied*. He then continued—

"The *Volsung Saga* is a mythic narrative of the lives and adventures of Volsung and his grandson, Sigurd Sigmundson, whom all learned antiquarians consider to be the Siegfried of the *Niebelungen Lied*. This *Saga* informs us that Odin, the All Father (for there is another All Father), gave Sigurd a valuable present, the wonderful horse Grani; and that Reigen forged for him the famous sword Gramr, which, aside from its supernatural powers as a sword, possessed the peculiar properties of a divining-rod. This sword, the compiler of the *Niebelungen Lied* calls Balmung.

"Sigurd, urged on by Reigen, attacks and kills Fafnir, Reigen's brother, who was the owner of an immense hoard, or treasure. Another *Saga* tells us how Fafnir obtained his vast wealth. Odin, Loki, and Hænir, according to the *Saga*, stopped one day, while traveling upon earth, at the house of Hreidmar, a great enchanter. In the course of the evening, they happened to display an otter skin, which Hreidmar immediately recognized as the skin of one of his sons, who was in the habit of fishing disguised as an otter. The father accused the gods (who were called *Aesir*) of having slain his favorite child; and Loki confessed that he had killed him inadvertently with a stone. After this confession, Hreidmar, with his sons, Reigen and Fafnir, seized the *Aesir*, who were powerless against persons they had wronged, and demanded of them, as a ransom, that they should cover the skin with unalloyed gold. Loki was, thereupon, requested to go to Blackelfdom to obtain the requisite amount of gold. He went, and, taking with him Ran's net, caught Andvari, the lord of Andvarifors, who inhabited the lake in the shape of a pike. Andvari purchased his liberty, by giving up all the gold which he kept concealed in his caverns; but when Loki compelled him to surrender

also a magical ring, which he valued even more than all his gold, he laid a curse upon it, which doomed every one into whose possession it should come to an unnatural and violent death. When Loki returned with the treasure, he gave it to Odin, who was anxious to keep the ring; but Hreidmar forced him to part with it, to cover a few hairs of the otter skin that had been left bare. Odin, who was loth to give it up, became angry, and renewed the curse laid upon it by Andvari.

"When Hreidmar's sons afterwards asked their father to give them a share of the gold, he refused to comply with their request. Fafnir, who was the more violent of the two, would not brook the refusal, but slew his father and took possession of the treasure and the ring, refusing, in his turn, to share them with his brother. But fearing that Reigen might seek to avenge the death of Hreidmar, he took their father's helmet (*Egershelm*) and the sword *Hrotha*, and went to Gnytaheath, where he concealed his treasure in a cavern, and watched over it night and day in the shape of a dragon.

"Reigen, who became, a few years after this event, the teacher of the youthful Sigurd Sigmundson, induced his pupil to pledge himself to avenge Hreidmar's death upon the patricide. Sigurd, who was eager to fulfill his promise, went to Gnytaheath and killed Fafnir; and then, following the directions of the sorceress of the heath, he took a drop of the dragon's heart's blood and laid it upon his tongue, and thus obtained the power of understanding the language of the birds. A few days after Fafnir's death, Sigurd heard a feathered songster tell its mate that Reigen meditated the death of the son of Sigmund. The song of the warbler roused him to a sense of his danger. He armed himself, and attacked Reigen with the very weapon which the son of Hreidmar had so carefully forged for him. Reigen was killed, and confessed, before he died, that he had intended to slay his pupil.

"Sigurd wept over the body of his tutor, and then left his father's house and the land of his birth; for grief did not suffer him to remain on the spot where he had killed his teacher and friend. With the curse-laden ring, *Advarinaut*, on his finger, and his good sword, *Gramr*, or *Balmung*, by his side, he roved from land to land, seeking for adventures. One day, while riding through a dense forest in the northern part of Europe, he found a young and very beautiful

girl fast asleep beneath an arbor of oak trees. It was the Valkyrior Hildre, who, though only twelve years old, was already condemned, by Odin, to a magic sleep in Skataland (the grove of heroes), for having refused her love to Healmgumar, one of the favorites of the All Father. Sigurd dispelled the charm, by cutting the magic cords with which the Valkyrior was bound.

"The Hebe of Valhalla was now restored to consciousness and liberty; but not to her place in the hall of the gods. With no friend but her deliverer to counsel and advise, she threw herself upon his protection, and told him her name and the story of her wrongs. Sigurd, captivated by her beauty and loveliness, offered her his heart and hand, and the services of his good sword Gramr; and she accepted his offer with the confidence of a child. He then changed her name to Brunhilda; and, after he had restored her to the castle of Isenstein, he gave her the ring, Andvarinaut; for he was, as yet, ignorant that a fearful curse went with it. But, after a few months, he proved sickle, like many other men, and left her, without having fulfilled his promise to marry her. Brighter eyes, and a more gentle heart, drew him from his allegiance.

"It is therefore evident, that Siegfried was no stranger to Brunhilda, when he arrived at her castle with King Gunther. And, if we take in consideration the relation which she at one time sustained to him, it ought not to surprise us that we find her treating him as she did; for ladies rarely pardon infidelities of this kind."

MR. FILMOT. This account of Sigurd's early adventures, serves to explain many passages in the poem which appeared to me obscure, and alluding to things not mentioned there. The Volsung Saga not only explains Brunhilda's strange conduct towards Siegfried, but it proves also, notwithstanding the Christian elements that enter into the Niebelungen Lied, that the actors in the drama belonged to the heathen times of Germany.

MRS. THORALE. Mr. Karsh, it appears to me, from the account which you have given us of the gods of Valhalla, that these respectable monsters (I will no more call them foggy) were as immoral as any god of Rome or Greece. Your Loki seems to have had no scruples when stealing, or robbing, if you please, the gold of poor Andvare.

MR. KARSIT. I will admit that Loki's character is beyond defending. But that god is the only immoral denizen of Valhalla; and it gives me pleasure to be able to say, that he did not belong to the Aesir. The younger Edda, when speaking of him, says: "There is a deity who is numbered among the Aesir, though he is not one of them; he is called, by some, the calumniator of the gods. He contrives all manner of mischief, and is often the disgrace of gods and men. His name is Loki, or Loptur. He is the son of the giant Farbauti. His mother is called Laufey, or Hlfr; and his brothers are Byloist and Helblindo. Loki is handsome and well made, but of a very sickle mood and very evil disposition. He surpasses all

beings in cunning and perfidy. Many a time has he exposed the gods to great peril, and afterwards saved them again by his artifices. A great number of his tricks and wicked deeds are related in the Edda, and in various Sagas." His character seems to have been a compound of that of Momus and Mercury, with a strong dash of the frailties that belonged to Jupiter. His final destiny accords well with the northern ideas of a just retribution.

The Edda tells us: "Evil, indeed, were the deeds of Loki: first of all, in that he had caused Baldur to be slain, and then in having prevented him from being delivered out of Hel. But was he not punished for these crimes?" It then proceeds to relate how he endeavored to escape the avenging wrath of Valhalla's gods, the cunning and skillful ways by which he, for a while, succeeded in eluding pursuit, and how he was at last captured in his own snares.

Speaking of his punishment, it says: "The gods, having seized Loki, dragged him without commiseration into a cavern, and bedded him upon three sharp-pointed rocks, to which they bound him. Skadi then suspended a serpent over him, in such a manner that the venom of the reptile had to fall drop by drop on his face. But Sigma, Loki's wife, stands by his side, and receives the drops as they fall in a cup, which she empties as soon as it is filled. But, while doing this, the venom falls upon her husband, and causes him to howl with horror, and to writhe his body so violently, that it shakes the earth, and this produces what men call earthquakes. There will Loki lie until Ragnaroeck." Thus we see that the only immoral divinity of Valhalla, met with, at least poetic, justice for his evil deeds. Can as much be said in favor of high Olympus?

MRS. THORALE. You are an able advocate, Mr. Karsh. The brief sketch which you have given us of Valhalla's worst divinity, makes one quite desirous of becoming acquainted with its other and better denizens. Will you not favor us by opening the portals of the Pantheon a little wider, and enable us to take at least a glimpse of the rest of its colossal inmates?

MR. KARSIT. It will give me pleasure to comply with your request at some future day. But I fear that I have already occupied too much of your time this morning, and thus prevented you from hearing what my friend Filmot has to tell us of the Niebelungen Lied. Mr. Filmot, I hope you will pardon me for having interrupted you so long?

MR. FILMOT. You do yourself injustice by calling that an interruption which has proved to us a valuable explanation. You have given us the key to Brunhilda's conduct, and to a great part of that which I am about to relate.

#### CHAPTER IV.

MR. FILMOT opened the Niebelungen Lied, and continued:—

"As soon as Brunhilda had recovered from the

emotion caused by the unexpected arrival of Siegfried, she suppressed every manifestation of ire, and listened calmly to him when he made known to her King Gunther's object in coming to her castle. When he had finished, she told him that he was welcome with his royal master, and then continued (with a smile at the vaunted prowess of her Burgundian wooer), by telling them the conditions upon which she must be won; warning the king, at the same time, of the consequences that must follow, if he should fail in obtaining the victory.

'Said she, "If sooth he be thy lord, and thou his liegman true,

And he be able to succeed in games I have in view,  
And he'll be conqueror in all—then will I be his wife.  
If *one* I gain—then all of you make forfeiture of life.

"He must the stone beyond me throw, and bound to where it lies;  
And then with me the javelin hurl—to ponder well were wise;  
For 'twere light thing, through games like these, to lose both life and fame.  
He yet has time to change his mind." So said the royal dame.'

"Gunther hesitates at first when he hears these conditions; but Siegfried is already at his side, and whispers to him to be undismayed. Thus urged on by his friend, he finally concludes to accept the challenge, though with some serious misgivings as to the result of the contest. Nor do I wonder at it! For where could we find a beau of the present age, who would dare to woo such a lady love upon such conditions? But poor Gunther began to look still more blank, and to give up all hope of success, when he saw the preparations the fair Brunhilda was making for the lists. Her chamberlain, who had been ordered to bring her her shield, returns with four men who carry it with difficulty, and she takes it from their hands as if it were of ordinary size and weight.

'Then was there weighty javelin brought, to her that matchless queen;  
'Twas sharp and strong, and hugo withal, yet light to her I ween;  
For 'twas the one she always used, nor ever threw in vain—  
It had three blades of steel so keen, to sunder iron chain.

'That Brunhilda was passing strong, I am prepared to own;  
'To her was brought, within the ring, a very ponderous stone;  
It was of large circumference, 'tis true: though very strong,  
A dozen knights would hardly drag its ponderous weight along.'

"When Hagen and his brother saw these formidable preparations, and the numerous followers who thronged around their queen, they got very angry; and Hagen, ever bold and impetuous, declared aloud,

that a snare had been laid for his king and companions, by which all were to lose their lives. Brunhilda, he insisted, must be some kin to the devil. He then addressed his brother, and lamented bitterly that they had been induced to lay aside their armor and swords, for, with the latter in their hands, he declared that he deemed himself, with his companions, a match for Brunhilda and all her host. Brunhilda, who had overheard his remarks, smiled scornfully, and bade one of her attendants to bring them their swords and armor.

"Siegfried, who had in the mean time managed to leave the ground unperceived by any one, now returned (wrapped in his Tarnkappe, and invisible to mortal eyes) to help Gunther through his difficulties. And sorely stood the poor king in need of this help; for his courage decreased visibly, and he began already to give himself up as lost. But Siegfried, who stood unseen by his side, whispered to him to be of good cheer, and only go through the motions of the contest; that he, himself, would accomplish everything that was to be done. He tells him then—

"Give here the shield, I'll wield it in the fray;  
And you with strict attention mark whatever I may say;  
Make you the dumb-show requisite, and I the work will do."

"Prodigies of strength and skill are then performed on both sides.

'She poised the javelin high in air—then did the match commence.  
The stranger guests did greatly fear Brunhilda's vehemence.

'The maiden hurled, with potent arm, the keen-edged javelin  
At Gunther's heart; the whizzing spear with vigor entered in  
The ample shield, which Siegfried bore upon his stalwart arm.  
From polished steel the sparks flew forth, like fire urged on by storm.

'The purple blood flowed from the mouth of Siegfried the knight,  
Who, soon recovering from the shock, rose then in all his might,  
Wrenched from the shield the cutting spear Brunhilda had just thrown,  
And hurled it at the haughty queen with force beyond her own.

'It drove out sparkles from her mail, as if upraised by wind!  
Brunhilda fell through desperate throw, by son of Queen Siglind.  
But fair Brunhilda very soon her footing reattained,  
And said, "My thanks to Gunther brave, he has *this* wager gained."

'Then sprang she, full of spite, to where the cumbrous granite lay,  
Which, having raised from off the ground, she poised now for the fray.

The stone was hurled twelve fathoms length before it touched the ground;  
Though far the throw, more distant still the active maid did bound.

'Thereon did Siegfried run, to where he saw the missile go;  
Gunter did featly posturize while Siegfried made the throw.  
The good Siglinda's only son was daring, strong, and tall,  
He cast the stone beyond her mark, and farther leaped withal.

'Through keen subtilities he had obtained such art and strength,  
That he King Gunther with him took the whole of that leap's length.'

"Brunhilda, who saw herself now fairly vanquished, confessed at last, though with surprise and mortification, that she acknowledged King Gunther as her lord and future husband.

"But a new difficulty now presented itself; Brunhilda declared herself unwilling to go to Worms without a suitable train of warriors, such as became her rank and wealth; and she insisted upon sending messengers to her kinsmen and vassals, to come to her castle with their retainers to serve her as an escort to Burgundio.

"Hagen, the Nestor of the party, disliked the new aspect of things, and feared that this sudden whim of the queen concealed some treachery. But Siegfried, who is never at a loss for an expedient in any emergency, offered his services to remove the obstacle. Provided with his useful Tarnkappe, he entered his boat and steered, unseen by human eye, across the sea to Niebelungenland. As soon as he reached his castle in that country, he summoned his faithful vassals, the Recken of that mysterious region, which he had conquered by the edge of his sword, and selected one thousand of the best and bravest, and returned with them to the castle of Isenstein, where he introduced them as Gunther's warriors, and pretended that they had been delayed by stress of weather.

"A suitable escort having thus been provided for Brunhilda, she threw no further obstacles in the way, but consented to accompany her lord to his capital. The whole party then set out upon their journey to Worms, where they arrive without any accident having befallen them on the way.

"Magnificent preparations were then made for the bridal feasts; for there were two, that of Gunther and Brunhilda, and that of Siegfried and Chrimhild. There is no end to the gorgeous display of tables laden with meat and drink, mead and wine; no end to the jousting, and the various amusements peculiar to an age half heathen and half Christian.

"But a small, dark cloud hangs with threatening aspect over that gay assembly. Queen Brunhilda looks at the noble Siegfried with an evil eye, full of bitter hatred and deep malice.

"That small cloud is the harbinger of an awful storm, which is to sweep over all who were there and then gathered together for merriment and rejoicing; in it was sheathed the blade which is hereafter to shed the blood of every heart which throbbeth so joyously around that board. The poem proceeds now to relate the portentous events which precede, and, in a manner, foreshadow the final catastrophe."

Here, Mr. Filmot was interrupted by his sister, who said—

"Brother, it appears to me that you have now come to that part of the poem where the story begins to take a dark and gloomy character. If I am correct in my presumption, I would propose that we hear the rest after dinner. What you have told us of the courtship (though it was a strange one) and of the wedding, will stimulate our appetites better than thoughts filled with carnage and bloodshed."

"You are right in your conjecture," replied Mr. Filmot. "The shadows begin to fade soon after the wedding; and the gloom henceforth darkens from stanza to stanza, until the fate of all the persons in the drama ends in the night of death. I have no objection to partaking of your dinner, as soon as you can get it ready; talking and the open air have put me in an excellent condition to do justice to it. And may be it would be as well to defer relating the incidents of the rest of the epic to another day."

"No, no," said Mrs. Thorale; "let us have the whole of them after dinner. I am anxious to know how Brunhilda and Siegfried get along together since they have now become related by marriage. In the mean time, my dear Mariana, I wish you would tell me how can I be of some service to you in helping to prepare your rural entertainment."

"It will give me pleasure," replied Miss Filmot, to have you and the rest of our guests aid me in arranging the simple country fare which I intend to spread before you. You need not fear a Duke of Orleans' entertainment; the food is already cooked."

## CHAPTER V.

THE hint which Miss Filmot had thrown out was eagerly caught at by the members of the little party, and all hastened to her assistance.

Devolour, Karsh, and Filmot constructed a rustic table of some boards and fullen branches, and laughed merrily at their awkward attempt at the carpenter's trade, each one carrying off some honorable scar obtained in the service of the fair ladies. Miss Filmot and Mrs. Thorale produced and prepared the contents of two large baskets; and the Misses Ross, assisted by their aid-de-camps, Mr. Ross and Captain Sanker, undertook the charge of arranging everything on the table.

When the contents of the two baskets had been transferred to the dishes on the board, Mr. Devolour bowed to Miss Filmot, and said—

"Will you permit me to add to your ample provisions the little stock which I have brought with me for my sylvan repast?"

Permission having been given, he placed the fore and middle finger of his right hand over his lips, and gave so loud and shrill a whistle, that it seemed more like the cry of a bird of prey than a sound uttered by human lips. After a second or two, that whistle was answered by one as loud and shrill, which seemed to come from behind a hill in the rear of the party; and shortly afterwards, a Moor appeared beneath the trees, carrying a beautiful but foreign-looking basket.

"I see you still retain your Abyssinian," said Mr. Karsh, as soon as he recognized the man.

"Sabi never leaves me," replied Mr. Develour. "I would as soon think of parting with my shadow as with him."

He then addressed a few words in Amharic to the Moor who stood before him, with his arms crossed over his breast. The man bowed, and took from the basket which he had brought with him, a plateful of Malaga grapes, a silver basket filled with delicious pine-apples, another full of fine oranges and dates; then two bottles of wine, one of port and the other of Tokay; and, finally, two silver goblets of a strange and fantastic shape.

The members of the little party looked in silence and with some astonishment at the servant and at the strange-looking articles which he arranged upon the table. When Sabi had finished, he bowed again to his master: and then seated himself, in oriental style, beneath a tree at a short distance from the company.

Miss Filmot requested her guests to take their seats without ceremony. She herself took the head of the table; and Mr. Karsh, at her request, assumed the duties of her *vis-à-vis*. Mr. Develour, Miss Keelway, Miss Harriet Ross, and Mr. Filmot occupied the seats on her right; and Mr. Ross, Mrs. Thorale, Captain Sankor, and Miss Angeline Ross those on her left.

The substantials soon disappeared before appetites which had been sharpened by exercise and a pure atmosphere; and every one seemed to have forgotten the Niebelungen and all the strange things they had seen and heard that morning.

Miss Keelway, who was again as buoyant in mind as if nothing had occurred to ruffle it, said to Miss Ross—

"Harriet, would it not be delightful to live every day in this Adam and Eve way—at least during the summer months? I wish only I had prevailed upon the doctor to accompany us; I should have enjoyed the party so much more."

Miss Filmot looked at her brother, while an arch smile curled her pretty lips. Miss Ross, who had been examining her new silk frock, replied—

"Yes, it would be charming, if one only did not soil one's dress so much. I am almost afraid to sit down anywhere."

"Never mind your dress," said Miss Keelway,

sneeringly. "It is vulgar to think of these things, at least, to let other people know that we do. I wonder what has prevented the doctor from coming? I am afraid he is still offended, because I sneered at those two girls we met at the party the other evening. I am sure I could not know that they were his cousins. What funny tales people tell about them."

"Take care!" exclaimed Miss Harriet. "There now, you have ruined my new silk dress, which pa bought me in New York. You have spilled your wine on it, and the acid has spotted it in three places. It has taken the color out and spoiled the figure."

Mr. Develour took a small flask from his pocket, and, handing it to Miss Ross, said—

"If you will be kind enough to put a drop of this fluid upon each spot, it will restore the color and the figure where they have been obliterated."

Miss Ross took the flask, and, with doubt depicted on her face, did as she had been directed. But hardly had the fluid touched her dress before she exclaimed, with amazement—

"Why, this is wonderful! It looks as good as new. Where can I buy any of this stuff, Mr. Develour?"

Mr. Develour smiled, as he replied—"Not short of Ifata, I fear; but—"

Mr. Horace Ross interrupted him before he had time to finish the sentence, by saying, very pompously, and with a self-satisfied smile—

"Mr. Develour, you undervalue the commercial importance of our country. Anything that can be bought in Infanta, or any other town in Spain, is sure to find its way to New York."

Mr. Develour replied, in a careless tone—"Ifata is in Africa, south of Habesh (Abyssinia)."

Mr. Ross, though apparently, a little confused, said, hastily, "Yes, yes, that is what I meant. I confounded it with Spain, because the Moors of Infata were once the lords of Spain. I have always thought that the title Infantes, which is given to the children of the King of Spain, is in some way connected with the name of that African kingdom, just like the eldest son of the King of England is called the Prince of Wales."

The two Misses Ross looked at one another, and then around upon the company, while their countenances showed plainer than words that they were proud of their brother's superior learning. Mr. Develour laughed only with his eyes, as he replied—

"The Moors of Ifata (not Infata, as you were pleased to call it) never were lords or even inhabitants of Spain. But your fancy of basing the title of the royal children of Castile upon the African kingdom, is certainly fully as good as that which, not long ago, led some writer in a periodical to base the word *journeyman* upon a custom which prevailed in Germany, by which a mechanic was required to travel three years before he was permitted to settle down as a master workman. However, I fear you will have to look to some other source for

the origin of the title Infante. By the way, the eldest child does not share that title. With your permission, Mr. Ross, we will now turn from Spain to Hungary. Will you do me the favor of joining me in a glass of this Tokay?"

Mr. Ross bowed, and then drank a glass full of the noble juice of the Hungarian grape. Placing the empty goblet upon the table, he said—

"A fine wine, and deserving to come from the land of the brave Magyars."

"And yet," said Mr. Develour, while a mischievous twinkle lurked in his eye, "if I add to it a few drops of this still nobler extract, it would not only improve the flavor of the wine, but confer even a greater boon upon him who drinks it: it would put him into a temporary possession of all he covets."

"Then let me have it," exclaimed Captain Sanker. "It is true, I have no faith in anything of the kind; but, for that very reason, I am willing to test the truth of your assertion."

Mr. Develour replied, calmly and evasively, "It is a dangerous experiment."

But Captain Sanker persisted, and said, "I am willing to run the risk of its witchery, if you can assure me that the extract will not endanger my life."

Mr. Develour cast one of his searching glances at the captain, and then said—

"I give it to you reluctantly. It will not endanger your life if taken in the quantity which I will pour out for you. But do not meddle with it, if you are not completely master of your nerves and imagination."

Captain Sanker, instead of any reply, held out his hand for the cup. Mr. Develour poured three drops of the liquid into one of the silver goblets filled with wine, and handed it to him. As soon as Sabi saw what his master was doing, he rose from his seat and placed himself behind Mr. Develour's chair, or camp-stool, with his eyes riveted upon the captain's face.

(To be continued.)

## A GIFT FROM HEAVEN.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

(See Plate.)

"Our little child is dying, Pierre."

The man did not answer; but gazed steadfastly down into the pale, thin face that nestled closely in his wife's arms—the fixed, vacant gaze of despair.

"Oh, my husband, is there no help? Would not wine revive him? Ah! my God, and we have not bread!"

"Marie!"—and the lips that gave forth the harsh, unnatural voice trembled—"I would not give him wine, if I had it. I would not have him live. We have no bread; there has been no fire upon the hearth these three days. We are starving, and he dies before us."

"Oh, he must not die!" gasped the woman, with a convulsive shudder. "You will get work, and all will be well again. Beg—do anything for us; but my child—oh no! I cannot give up my child."

The little creature felt the convulsive grasp which pressed him closer to her heart. He moaned as he essayed to raise his wasted arms to her neck; and the parched lips quivered as if they would pray for water. How eagerly he drank from the earthen cup the only draught that they could give him, and then a look of love overspread the wasted features, and lighted the glazing eyes that were lifted to his mother's face. His thin, feeble fingers wound themselves more tightly about her hands; the languid smile faded, trembled on the livid lips—it was gone.

The fixed, agonized expression of the mother's face did not change, though she knew this was death. She felt the little limbs stiffen rigidly within her arms. She looked into the eyes, now meaningless, as if she would call back the soul that had lighted them. Then tears gathered in her own, and fell slowly upon the face of the dead child. She looked up to her husband, still so stern in his hopelessness, and said—

"You were right, Pierre; he does not suffer now."

Theirs were not the only despairing hearts in Paris that night. Hundreds of the poor and friendless were gathered in its wretched by-places, and others leaned over a scanty fire in the garret of some proud hotel, listening to the roll of carriages that bore guests in their rich attire to join in the revelry which came at times in strange contrast from below. They were strong, athletic men, who would willingly have labored for those dependent upon them; but their toil-stained hands were folded—there was no work for those who were starving. Was it a wonder that, repulsed as they went from street to street seeking employment which none could give them, they cursed in their hearts the splendor of those who "wasted their substance in riotous living," or looked fiercely upon the beautiful women who thronged the shops in all the pride of fashionable ease and elegance, when they thought of their own wives and little ones, to whom they must return with no words of consolation?

And so the tempest gathered that was soon to sweep in wrath the artificial barriers and distinctions which wealth has raised between man and man. Already its far-off mutterings had been heard, while

"Slowly came a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,  
Glared at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire."

The days went on, and Pierre Garnier was still wasting his young life in that miserable garret by the side of his sorrowful wife. He had been a skillful workman, and many a gem which sparkled at the court of the "citizen king" owed its chaste setting to his busy hands. But now the delicate

which he had used so skillfully were one by one sold for their scanty subsistence, and the clothes of the dead babe had furnished their last meal. The lonely mother buried her face in her folded arms, and sat for hours without speaking; while her husband strode through the narrow room, in deep and moody thought, that sometimes found vent in a muttered imprecation as he struck his forehead with his clenched hands.

"Why do you weep, Marie?" he said, suddenly, as he paused before her.

The gray twilight had filled the room, so that he could not see the heavy eyes that she lifted to meet his own.

"Ah, heaven, why should I ask; I know that you think of the little grave from which you come."

"Not alone, Pierre, though he was our first-born; but I stayed to rest upon the stairs—for I am weaker now—and the door opened where the beautiful young girl we have so often met disappears. It was so warm and bright in the saloon. There were crimson hangings, and rich carpets, and mirrors; and she was there. But she is a wife, Pierre, and a mother; for a dear little child was cradled in her arms; and I knew it was her own by the sweet mother-look in her eyes. Ah, well—she sung to it, while I stood weeping to see her so happy, and the baby smiled as my own had done. Then I thought God was not just—that here beneath this very roof she could nurse her infant, surrounded by all comforts, where we had seen our own perish with the cold, and hunger pains. But I know it was a wicked thought, and I prayed to be forgiven. God knows what I deserve, and he is just."

"My poor Marie!"—and she felt herself pressed strongly to his heart ere he rushed forth into the darkness.

That was a fearful night for Marie. She watched through it alone, for her husband did not return; and with her fears for him came thoughts of her little one, a yearning wish, a wild longing to clasp it once more to her heart. Then the remembrance of the happiness she had witnessed returned, and the temptation to murmur that her lot had been so bitter. Ah, little do the fortunate know the piercing envy that assails the soul of one howling beneath power and sorrow, when such contrasts bitterly arise! So the dreary night wore on, and daylight came, but her husband did not return. Then a strange tumult rose from the street; a hurried tramp of men, shouts and cries, that would have struck terror to a less lonely heart. The great church bells struck with a low, booming sound, as if to rouse those who still slumbered; while now and then a quick, sharp report broke over all, like the discharge of musketry in the hands of skillful marksmen.

It was the first moment of the threatened downfall of the king. It was the voice of the people demanding relief from the oppression of their want; and when a nation rises, the "voice of the people is, indeed, the voice of God."

Marie Garnier forgot that she was childless, for-

got that she had not tasted food; she thought only of her husband as the day passed and the tumult became louder. She ventured forth once to seek him; but she saw only the wounded borne past on rude litters, and heard, mingled with their moans, shouts of rage and defiance. Her feet slipped in pools of blood as she neared the dreadful "barrier;" and the crowd pressed upon her so that she was borne down to the earth. Her very soul sickened as she thought her husband might have been among the victims, and she hurried from the jostling throng to claim, at least, the shelter of her own wretched home.

The dark February day was closing around her as she crouched by the window which overlooked the street below, when Pierre's hurried, heavy tread sounded upon the stairs. His face was stained and disfigured, his clothes crushed and torn; but he stayed for no explanations. He scarcely heeded the cry of joy with which she sprang towards him. He had come to bring her food, and to tell her that the people had risen. He warned her not to leave the house again, and to have no fears for him. More blood would be shed, but France would be free; and even while he spoke, the thrilling Marseillais came surging up through the air from a hundred voices, while torches flickered and glared redly through the night. He was gone, and Marie was again sleepless. Another lonely, fearful day, though the tumult without was fainter; another night of horror, and an eventful morning dawned.

It was the never-to-be-forgotten 24th of February, the day that marked the downfall of monarchy in France, when a king's hand affixed the seal of his own banishment, and the populace reigned in his stead.

A neighbor, as poor and as solitary as herself, had passed the night with Marie; but the woman had none of her gentler spirit. She burned to mingle with the wild *mêlée* as in the time when the heads of the nobles, bleeding and still convulsed, borne upon a dull, blood-stained spike, became the ensign of an infuriated mob. At daybreak she went out—to search for food, she said; but once, when savage yells rent the air, Marie looked from the casement to see her late companion striding on with the mass that were thronging towards the palace, with cries and gestures that threatened death to its inmates.

Then some hidden influence impelled her to steal softly down to the corridor where she had seen the beautiful child with its young mother; and while she stood there crouching in a dark corner, the door of the saloon was flung back, and a young man rushed forth, his face pale and haggard, and his citizen's dress scarcely concealing the rich uniform that glittered beneath it. His wife had fallen upon the floor in an agony of tears, and the poor little child sobbed when it found no one heeded its loneliness.

The door was closed, and Marie listened a long time to the sobs from within. Then once more she crept back to her garret and her cheerless solitude. She knelt down by the window, with clasped hands



and staining eyes; but in all the thousand passers-by she could not see the form she watched for. She could hear them shouting that the king had fled; she saw the rude mob that pressed from the palace gates. Her heart sank within her when men with gaping wounds were borne past, and she feared he might even now have perished.

How she would have been comforted by the presence of her little child in this lonely hour! And, as she thought of this, she could almost fancy that she heard his murmuring voice; nay—could she be deceived—it was waiting at the very door; and though she knew how mad and impossible the fantasy, she sprang to open it.

There was a basket upon the threshold, and a child's face had escaped from the linen cloth thrown over it. Its eyes were filled with tears, and there was a strange wondering glance that appealed to her heart more sadly than words could have done. A paper dropped from the folds of its robe as she took the infant tenderly in her arms; and she read, by the faint light yet lingering in the gray sky, the burden of a mother's hopes and fears.

"My husband flies with his king, and I follow him. I cannot take my little child. I have seen you watch me. I know that you are kind and good, that your own babe is buried. Love mine for me; I give her to your care. God willing, I shall soon relieve you of the charge.

"CLARE DE LA ROCHE."

Never did mother fold her arms more fondly about her child than Marie when pressing the little stranger to her heart. She soothed its low cries, and, when it slept, sat gazing on its features as the moonlight fitfully revealed them. So long since she had near the soft breathing of an infant's sleep, she almost felt as if her own had been restored to her! How she pitied the poor mother, forced to the sudden separation; and how earnestly she thanked heaven for the gift thus unexpectedly sent for her consolation.

Pierre came at midnight; but now he trembled with fatigue and excitement. He threw himself upon the bed, and brushed back the matted hair from his forehead. His eyes were bloodshot, and his arm, torn and lacerated, hung helplessly by his side. Almost instinctively, Marie hid her little charge from his sight, as she came to kneel beside him and pour out her thanks for his safe return, and her horror at the injury he had sustained.

"We are rid of the curse of royalty," he said, in answer to her hurried questions. "The people are the rulers now. We will show them what it is to trifle with starving men. I have witnessed—oh! such scenes! My comrades fell around me in the iron shower which they poured upon us, as the coward king and his frightened minions fled. We rushed into the very heart of the palace; we trampled its silken hangings beneath our feet. I myself have trodden on the throne to which we have bowed

down so long. The young prince, Marie, and his beautiful mother—they had left her to brave our rage."

"O heaven, you did not shed that innocent blood?"

"We were madmen; we burned to revenge the fallen; we cried 'away to the Chamber of Deputies where they have hidden—we will not let them escape.' I rushed headlong down the broad palace stairs. The crowd thickened—men, women, children—singing, shrieking, shouting. The National Guard gave way before us. We penetrated to the very centre of the chamber. The people were already there, and drawn swords menaced the deputies. But when I saw them crowd around that brave woman, so fair, so pale, so still in the midst of the torrent, I could not lift my hand. The young count clapped his little hands, and shouted to those who would have murdered him. I struck aside a musket that was leveled to his heart. Ah, Marie, I thought of you—how you would have plead for them—and when they fled, I followed to protect the mother and the child. She was torn from him in the crowd; his little brother was trampled down, and she wrung her hands and strove to rush back to seek for them. It was I who restored her children to her. Yet I hated them when I thought that I had saved a life that might one day press our necks to the earth in return. Down with the nobles and their viperous brood!" he shouted, fiercely, as if still cheering on the rabble to their work of destruction.

Marie trembled for her little charge; the child cried out in its sleep. She snatched it from the floor, and soothed it in her arms. The gems which clasped its delicate robes glittered in the moonlight as she knelt before him, and prayed that he would not thrust it forth to the pitiless hands that would destroy it. She pleaded as a mother only can plead, for she felt the spirit of that young and tender woman breathed into her heart.

"We had not food for our own," muttered Pierre, sullenly.

"But God hath sent us the nursling, and he will provide. He put it into my heart, this love. Do not make me childless again."

"God forbid that I should grieve you, Marie; but keep it from my sight. We can, at least, starve together."

How gratefully she kissed the poor wounded arm which her hands had bound up; and then she left him to the sleep of exhaustion, as she watched the child's calm face, pressed closely to her bosom, until she too slumbered.

When she awoke, the child—Clare they called her, for her beautiful mother's sake—was playing with the loosened hair which had fallen round as she tossed restlessly; and the lonely woman was comforted, and thought more cheerfully of the little grave than she yet had done.

And Pierre, too, was won insensibly and against his will by the innocent smiles of the little Clare,

for he did not refuse to take her from her foster-mother, while large tears rolled down his haggard face. There was no more lack of food, for gold, more than Marie had ever seen before, was found when they searched the basket in which the babe had been placed; and when the wild political storm subsided, the shops were opened again, and Pierre found employment, and could redeem the tools he had parted with.

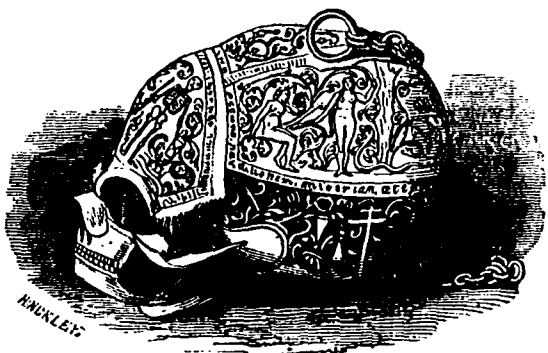
The little Clare became the happiness of their humble home; and often the rude artizan paused in his employment, and came to watch her smiles and

gambols, leaning near his faithful wife, whose chastened look told that in her present happiness she had not forgotten the fearful night when her first-born perished.

It was many months before the beautiful mother could claim her infant, and pour forth her grateful thanks to those who had befriended it. And now, as Marie watches her own little Clare, who has taken the place her foster-child once occupied in their hearts and home, she thanks God, who, at her need, sent, in the guise of a helpless infant, a Gift from Heaven.

## A MEMENTO MORI WATCH,

GIVEN BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, TO HER MAID OF HONOR, MARY SETOUN.



THIS singular watch is illustrated the same size as the original, in Smith's "Historical and Literary Curiosities;" and, from the description there appended, we extract the following account of it:—

"On the forehead of the skull is the figure of Death, with his scythe and sand-glass. He stands between a palace on one hand and a cottage on the other, with his toes applied equally to the door of each; and around this is the legend from Horace, '*Pallida mors requo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.*' On the opposite, or posterior part of the skull, is a representation of Time devouring all things. He also has a scythe; and near him is the serpent with its tail in its mouth, being an emblem of eternity. This is surrounded by another legend from Horace—'*Tempus edax rerum tuquo invidiosa vetustas.*' The upper part of the skull is divided into two compartments: on one are represented our first parents in the Garden of Eden, attended by some of the animals, with the motto, '*Peccando perditionem miseriam eternam posteris meruere.*' The opposite compartment is filled with the subject of the salvation of lost man by the crucifixion of our Saviour, who is represented as suffering between the two thieves, whilst the Marys are in adoration below: the motto to this is '*Sic justitie satisfecit, mortem superavit, salutem comparavit.*' Running below these compartments, on both sides, there is an open-work of about an inch in width, to permit the sound to come more freely when the watch strikes. This is formed of emblems belonging to the crucifixion—scourges, of various kinds; swords; the flagon and cup of the eucharist; the cross; pincers; lantern used in the garden; spears, of different kinds, and one with the sponge on its point; thongs; ladder; the coat without a seam, and the dice that were thrown for it; the hammer

and nails, and the crown of thorns. Under all these is the motto, '*Scala celi ad gloriam via.*'

"The watch is opened by reversing the skull, and placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand, and then lifting the under jaw, which rises on a hinge. Inside, on the plate, which may thus be called the lid, is a representation of the Holy Family in the stable, with the infant Jesus laid in the manger, and angels ministering to him; in the upper part, an angel is seen descending, with a scroll, on which is written '*Gloria excelsis Deo, et in terra pax, hominibus bona volu.*' In the distance are the shepherds, with their flocks; and one of the men is in the act of performing on a cornemuse. The works of the watch occupy the position of the brains in the skull itself; the dial-plate being on a flat where the roof of the mouth and the parts behind it, under the base of the brain, are to be found in the real subject. The dial-plate is of silver, and is fixed within a golden circle, richly carved in a scroll pattern. The hours are marked in large Roman letters; and within them is the figure of Saturn devouring his children, with this relative legend round the outer rim of the flat, '*Sicut meus sic et omnibus idem.*' Lifting up the body of the works on the hinges by which they are attached, they are found to be wonderfully entire. There is no date; but the maker's name, with the place of manufacture, '*Moyse, Blois,*' are distinctly engraven. Blois is the place where it is believed that watches were first made; and this suggests the probability of the opinion that the watch was expressly ordered by Queen Mary, at Blois, when she went there with her husband, the dauphin, previous to his death. The watch appears to have been originally constructed with catgut, instead of chain, which it now has, which must have been a more modern addi-

tion. It is now in perfect order, and performs wonderfully well, though it requires to be wound up within twenty-six hours to keep it going with tolerable accuracy. A large silver bell, of very musical sound, fills the entire hollow of the skull, and receives the works within it when the watch is shut. A small hammer, set in motion by a separate escapement, strikes the hours on it.

“This very curious relic must have been intended to occupy a stationary place on a *prie-dieu*, or small

altar, in a private oratory; for its weight is much too great to have admitted of its being carried in any way attached to the person.”

This watch is now in the possession of Sir T. D. Lauder family, of Grange and Fountain Hall, Bart., who inherited it through the Setoun family, from which they are descended; it having been given by Queen Mary to Mary Setoun, of the house of Wintoun, one of the four Marys, Maids of Honor to the Scottish Queen.

**ANYTHING OVER TO-DAY?**

Arthur, T S

*Godey's Lady's Book (1848-1854); Jun 1850; American Periodicals*

pg. 372A



**ANYTHING OVER TO-DAY!**

# ANYTHING OVER TO-DAY?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(See Plate.)

JENKINS was an honest, simple-minded man, little up to the ways of the world. Being without capital, and having a salary, as clerk in a mercantile house, only sufficient for the support of himself and those dependent on him, no thought of going into business entered his mind. A clerk he was, and a clerk he expected to remain. One after another of his fellow-quilldrivers had broken through their cerements, and arisen into the station and dignity of merchants; but he was still at the desk, and anticipated no such change for himself. One day, a young man named Tompkins, who had started out in life two or three years before, said to him—

"Jenkins, my old friend, why don't you go into business? You are wasting the best years of your existence."

Jenkins shrugged his shoulders, and half sighed the word

"Capital."

"You don't need any capital," replied Tompkins. Jenkins elevated his eyebrows with a look of wonder.

"Credit is capital," said Tompkins.

"Oh! But where's the credit to come from?"

"There are plenty of men who will sell you goods. I've never found any difficulty. I started without a hundred dollars, and am now doing business to the amount of fifty thousand dollars a year."

"So much?"

"Yes, every dollar of it; and, if my good luck goes on, I'll do seventy thousand dollars' worth next year."

"And your only capital was your credit?"

"I hadn't a dollar in hard cash."

"Possible?"

"It's truth."

"You bought on four and six months?"

"Yes."

"But a stock of goods can't be turned in six months. That's admitted on all hands."

"A good deal can be turned, if a man pushes his business."

"Suppose sixteen thousand out of twenty are turned—and that's a liberal calculation—how are the four thousand to be made up?"

"You must borrow."

"Borrow?"

"Yes."

"It's easy enough to say 'Borrow;' but who's to lend?"

"Everybody lends. You are short to-day, and your neighbor is over—he lends you. To-morrow,

he is short and you are over; and you lend him. Hundreds of thousands of dollars circulate in this way."

"But suppose my neighbor isn't over when I happen to be short?" said Jenkins.

"Go to another neighbor. Somebody will be over. I have never found any difficulty."

"All that's too temporary, and a little too *risky* for me. The borrowed amount must go on increasing until the sum becomes unmanageable."

"By that time," replied Tompkins, "your credit will be so well established that you can get an accommodation in bank. Money, in business, you know, is always worth its interest."

"Yes, I'm aware of that."

"Borrowed capital is, therefore, just as good as if it were your own, for all business purposes."

Jenkins assented to this, although he didn't exactly feel that it was true.

"Can this be readily done?" he inquired.

"Certainly," was the confident answer. "I can do it."

"I'm afraid I couldn't," said Jenkins.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know; but that's my impression."

"Nonsense; you can do it as well as any one else. You're too timid. Nothing venture, nothing gain. Here you are, wearing out your life on a salary of a thousand dollars, when you might just as well be making two or three thousand. Use your abilities for your own benefit, not for the good of others, to be turned out to die, like an old horse, when you get old."

A few interviews like this with Tompkins, who manifested a warm interest for his old friend, finally overcame all objections in the mind of Jenkins; and he became possessed of go-into-business-and-get-rich spirits. Credit was capital. That was an admitted axiom. And, with capital, any fool could make money. That was its twin brother. Jenkins found less difficulty in obtaining goods on a six months' credit than he had anticipated. He had a quiet, thoughtful air about him; and his old employers gave him credit for being a man of the most honest purposes, and a good knowledge of business.

During the first six months, Jenkins was able to discount many of his own notes. This made his credit A No. 1 with a good many of the wholesale men from whom he bought, and they congratulated him that he was getting on so well; but, at the expiration of six months, when about six or seven thousand dollars fell due in the course of a couple

of weeks, Jenkins found his vessel passing from a smooth sea into troubled waters.

"Anything over to-day, Jenkins?" or, "Will you have anything over to-morrow?" had been sounded in his ears half a dozen times daily for the last three or four months. And he had made temporary loans of small sums again and again to his neighbors. Tompkins had been a liberal borrower. He was on the street daily. It was now Jenkins's turn to ask a reciprocation of favors, which had, thus far, been all on one side.

For the first notes which fell due, to the amount of two thousand five hundred dollars, Jenkins was prepared; but one morning he found himself with a thousand dollars to pay, and nothing in bank. The young merchant felt sober. This large amount must be borrowed—but could he borrow it? That was the doubtful question. Moreover, he felt a natural repugnance to asking favors of the kind, and his heart sank in him at the very thought of doing so; but in no other way could the money be raised. Temporary loans must be had until the regular sales brought all right again. Business was very good, and profits fair. The prospect ahead was encouraging. The present difficulty surmounted, and all would be smooth sailing again.

Naturally enough, Jenkins's first visit was to his friend.

"Anything over to-day, Tompkins?" he asked, confidently—for here he fully counted on important aid. The smile on the face of his friend instantly faded.

"Not a cent, Jenkins, I'm sorry to say," was the reply. "I'm short two thousand myself, and fully counted on you for five hundred."

"I must raise a thousand to-day," said Jenkins, in a husky voice, and with every sign of disappointment visible. "I fully counted on you."

"If I should possibly have anything over at two o'clock, you will be most welcome to it," said Tompkins; "but you mustn't depend on me. No doubt you will raise what you want easily enough. Have you tried Smith?"

"Not yet."

"You've accommodated him?"

"Yes, twenty times."

"Then go to him. I think he's flush to-day."

To the store of Smith, Jenkins proceeded; but not with the easy confidence experienced in calling upon Tompkins. The first disappointment had dashed his feelings. Smith was a spruce, active little fellow, who advanced to meet Jenkins, rubbing his hands as the latter came in.

"Ah, Jenkins, how are you—how are you?" said he, smiling like a prima donna. "I was just about calling in to see you. Anything over to-day?"

Now, this was almost too much for poor human nature; or, at least, for that of Mr. Jenkins. His countenance, which had lighted up, fell; and he stammered out—

"No, no, not a cent. The f-f-fact is, I'm on a

borrowing tramp to-day, and have come to ask a lift from you."

"Indeed, I'm sorry I can't help you. Why, I thought you one of the most comfortable men in the street."

"So I have been. Never before asked for a dollar since I was in business. But several heavy payments are crowded into this and next week, and I shall be short for a time. It won't last long, however."

"Wish I could help you, Jenkins. My will is good," said Smith; "but I must take care of number one to-day. If I have anything over to-morrow, you shall be welcome to it with all my heart. Have you tried Jones?"

"No."

"Call on him. He had in three or four customers from the West yesterday, and I think they left him, as they say, a 'right smart chance' of money. He's borrowed from you, I know."

"Yes, often."

"He'll help you. Call on him."

"Anything over to-day?" asked Jenkins, meekly, of Jones, whom he found at his desk, looking particularly dismal.

"No, not a red cent," sharply returned Jones, frowning as he spoke, and glancing involuntarily towards a rack full of bank notices. He had been meditating for half an hour before Jenkins came in, with these full in view; which fact will account for his unamiable temper.

Jenkins turned away without speaking, and went back to his own store. He had never had just such feelings as now oppressed him. A thousand dollars were to be paid in bank before three o'clock, and he had, thus far, nothing towards meeting the obligation. Moreover, three thousand dollars additional fell due in the course of a week, all of which must be met, or he would fail in business. "Fail!" How the word, as it formed itself in his thoughts, made him tremble inwardly!

"Where is the money to come from?" he sighed, as he seated himself in his store. For ten minutes he remained inactive; then suddenly rising, he murmured—

"But this won't do. It must come from somewhere. I will try Wilkins. He's had many favors of me."

To Wilkins's store Jenkins repaired.

"Anything over to-day?" he asked, betraying, in his voice and countenance, the extremity of his need.

"Well—I don't—know," replied Wilkins, thoughtfully and deliberately. "Let me see."

And, opening his fire-closet, he took out a large pocket-book, and commenced examining its contents. "How much do you want?" he at length asked.

"Three or four hundred dollars."

"Is it to go in bank?"

"Yes."

"If uncurrent money would answer, I might help you some."

"How near is it?"  
"Virginia."  
"Two per cent. discount."  
"Yes; but you can have it for a couple of weeks, if it's any accommodation."  
"How much have you?"  
"Three hundred and fifty dollars."  
"Hold on to it, if you please, for an hour or two; and if I can't make up what I want, I will accept your offer."

"Very well; it is at your service. I would do better for you, if I could; but I just let Tompkins have all my current funds."

Half a dozen more applications were made during the next hour; and all poor Jenkins could raise was two hundred dollars, which must be returned on the next day by twelve o'clock. This sum, with the three hundred and fifty dollars uncurrent money, on which he would have to lose seven dollars in discount, left him short four hundred and fifty dollars.

It was near one o'clock, and he had already gone the entire rounds—so far as those who had, on former occasions, taken the liberty to borrow of him were concerned. As a money-hunter, he must now extend his walks further. He must go to those who had never come to him.

There was, only a few doors from Mr. Jenkins, a retail dealer in the same line, who had been one of his old employer's best customers. As a clerk, Jenkins had frequently sold him goods, and waited upon him for the settlement of many bills. Peters—that was the man's name—had always been very polite to Jenkins, both before and since his entrance into business; and Jenkins, in consequence, liked Peters, and thought him very much of a gentleman. In his extremity—one o'clock having arrived, and there being yet four hundred and fifty dollars to make up—he determined to try Peters. At first thought, he shrunk from doing so; but necessity spurred him to the act.

As Jenkins placed his foot within the store of Peters, his heart almost failed him; but it was too late now to turn back, so he advanced. Peters was standing at a desk in the back part of his store, busily engaged in making certain calculations on a small slip of paper. Two or three parcels of bank notes were lying before him, and near these were several bank notices. The fact was, Peters was himself short; and whenever that was the case, he, being of a nervous temperament, was never very amiable. He had just discovered a little error in his calculations, which showed him even worse off than he had believed by several hundred dollars, when a faltering voice near him pronounced his name. He turned quickly, and, as his sharp eyes and knit brows were encountered by Jenkins, the latter seemed almost to shrink into himself as he instinctively took off his hat.

"Mr. Jenkins," said Peters, not relaxing a muscle.

"Mr. Peters, how are you?"

"So so."

Still the brows were unbent.

"Anything over to-day?" faltered Jenkins.

"NO!"

That "No" must have been heard to form a correct idea of the emphatic force with which it was uttered. Poor Jenkins staggered back a pace or two, and then hastily retired.

"The tenth time I've had to say that in the last hour," muttered Peters, savagely, as he turned to his desk.

This last experience in borrowing from those who were "over," settled the matter with Jenkins. It would have been about as easy to have forced him up to a cannon's mouth as to have induced him to make another application of the kind.

"I'd better fail and be done with it," said he to himself, as he went back with hurried strides to his store; but the idea of failing became more and more terrible to him the nearer the view he took.

"I must prevent it, if I can." This, which was thought rather than uttered, marked the reaction in his mind.

"But how, how, how?" And he paced the floor backwards and forwards half a dozen times.

"Yes, yes, I'll do that. It's a straw; but I'll catch at it." And, so saying, he started forth again. This time, he went to the store of his old employers, and asked an interview with the senior member of the firm, a kind-hearted, liberal man.

"Mr. B——," said Jenkins, as soon as they were alone, speaking frankly and without embarrassment, "I've committed a great blunder."

"In what?"

"In going into business."

"How so?"

"I hadn't a dollar of capital."

"I thought you had saved something."

"No; I went into business on the sole basis of a credit."

"That *was* a blunder."

"So I have discovered; but, unfortunately, when it is too late to retrieve my error."

"You can't pay your notes, I presume."

"Not out of my current business. I must borrow."

"A poor dependence, Jenkins."

"So I have found, this day, to my grief and disappointment. I have been trying for nearly five hours to get a thousand dollars, but nobody has anything to spare; so I must let my paper lie over, and make a failure of it."

"That won't do, Jenkins," said Mr. B——.

"I'd rather fail twenty times than keep up a half dead and alive business existence by 'shinning it.' No, no; that won't suit me, no how. One day's experience is enough. How people stand it who run about, daily, from nine o'clock until half-past two, to get money to meet their notes, is more than I can tell. It would kill me in a month. I'd rather fail at once and be done with it. Failure must come at last."

"Well, what do you want to say to me on the subject?" asked B——.



"Simply," replied Jenkins, "to call my store yours, and me your clerk for a few months, until the business can be settled up—you, in the mean time, paying the notes that fall due, in order to keep all concerned free from the loss that inevitably follows a failure in business. There's enough to make you perfectly safe."

"You are certain of that."

"O yes; I've made very fair profits, and lived frugally. You can furnish goods from your own store to keep up the stock, while I'm selling off what is now on hand. In this way, you will be able to more than pay the expenses of the store, and bring all out safely in the end."

"I must have a little time to think about this, Jenkins," said B—. "I wish you had mentioned the subject a week or two ago, so that I could have looked into the affair before your extremity came. You want a thousand dollars to-day?"

"Yes."

B— sat and thought for some three or four minutes.

"You must have it, I suppose," said he, at length. "I don't like these failures in business. Their reaction upon trade is bad. I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars to-day. Pay your notes, and then go to work and get up a statement of your ex-

act condition. If it all looks right, perhaps—but no matter what. Do as I wish, and let me see you to-morrow."

A heavy weight was suddenly rolled from the feelings of Jenkins. He felt as light as a feather as he went back to his store, holding tightly in his hand a check for one thousand dollars.

On the next day, after a long interview with Mr. B—, who had always felt a friendly interest in Jenkins, it was decided to continue the business—B— to be a silent partner and furnish a certain amount of capital. That settled the fortunes of the young man. He is still in business, and doing well. While Tompkins and dozens of others like him are on the street, daily, from nine till half-past two, as eager money-hunters, you will find him at his counter attending to customers, or at the auctions, ready to secure any good bargains that may happen to offer. And you will, moreover, find him a prosperous merchant, when Tompkins, and eight out of ten of such able "financiers," are driven under, and the ripples on the surface of trade that marked the place of their disaster no longer to be seen.

To start in business with only credit for a capital, is to lean upon a broken reed. Thousands have learned this to their sorrow.

## BEFORE AND AFTER THE PARTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING."

Few people can realize

*All they arrange.*—T. HAYNES BAYLY.

"How do I look, Rosy?" interrogated Miss Amelia McArthur, as she walked backwards and forwards before the mirror, stretching her neck in every position to get a full view of her figure.

"Illigant," returned Rosy, laconically.

"Better than Miss Emeline? Isn't this dress lovely? Oh! he's such a handsome man, Rosy."

"The maother, shuro?"

"O dear, no; papa never *was* handsome. Your future master, perhaps. Would you like to live with me when I get married?"

"Och, Miss 'Malin, jewel, lave that all alone."

"Well, be a good girl, and you shall marry my coachman some day. I intend to have the most elegant carriage in town. White horses—no, bay horses; and such a quantity of silver plating about the harness, that it shall put Julia Donnemard's eyes out every time I dash past her. *She* think to carry off Robert Dupont! Or my sister either, as far as that goes. Rosy, how long did it take you to button Miss Emeline's gloves?"

"Not more nor an hour—while you was a 'ranging them buckets."

"*Bouquets—bouquets*. Don't you know that's French?"

"Thruo!"

"Black velvet for a ball! Whoever heard of such abominable taste? Now, I'll tell you a secret—Emeline only chose it because she heard Mr. Dupont say any one with a full figure always looked well in velvet; and when he met the Princess Demidoff—you know what a princess is, Rosy?"

"Ov course—thim's the queen's childer."

"Yes, I suppose she was a little girl once, though I don't exactly remember what her mother was queen of. Well, Mr. Dupont saw her at Louis Napoleon's reception, and she had on the most magnificent green velvet, with a head-dress all of diamonds."

"Solid diamonds! The world's wonder!"

"Well, so my sister teazes papa into a ten-dollar velvet, and I never said a word—because, you know, I saw how unbecoming it would be—and so I chose this *crepe lisse*, with the tuncies and all, because I know he (that is, Robert Dupont) admires, above all things, a graceful, sylph-like figure; and so my chance is best. How well I shall look in the Redown! *Tral la! la! la! la! la! la! la! la! la!*" and the young lady commenced a lively rehearsal of her favorite dance, while the delighted and admiring Rosy looked on with a broad smile of satisfaction.

But the dance could not be very much prolonged, for the floor of the very small room was so strewn with slippers, articles of wearing apparel in every variety, towels, and even appendages of the toilet-table, that progress was very much impeded. It was not the apartment ordinarily occupied by the young ladies—that had been given up as the dressing-room for the expected company, and everything, from the ruffled pillows upon the ponderous bed to the faultless folds of the embroidered window curtains, was in unimpeachable order.

"Papa," too, had been dislodged, and was now making a toilet in a similarly novel situation—a room where it was impossible to have a fire, his teeth chattering as he nervously tied his cravat, and inwardly anathematizing all parties, whether political or social.

Poor Mr. McArthur! It was a sad day for him that saw his conclusion to place his motherless daughters at Madame Hervillo's boarding-school. They entered good-natured, unaffected, sprightly girls; they emerged, after three years' seclusion, fashionable young ladies. Of course, both were accomplished. Amelia was musical—sang Italian cavatinas at the top of a very high soprano voice, that boasted of reaching upper C without the least difficulty. Emeline's forte was oil-painting and crochet-work. Specimens of her achievements in the former, magnificently framed, adorned the art; and of the latter, innumerable purses, presented to her gentlemen friends, gave sufficient proof. Both were passionately fond of dancing and polka waltzing, and had no objection to any partner with a tolerable face and figure.

Mr. McArthur was naturally indulgent. He purchased a grand piano, and subscribed to the Philharmonic to please Amelia; he ordered magnificent frames at Robinson's for Emeline's pictures. The house was entirely refitted at their united persuasion, although every piece of furniture parted with cost him some pleasant recollection of the only person who had ever truly loved him—their mother. It was natural to expect some little domestic comfort after so many sacrifices on his part; but the round of engagements in which the young ladies were soon constantly involved, destroyed this illusion. His business hours were intruded upon by their late attendance at the breakfast-table, to which they came yawning in slippers and dressing-gowns, thus offending his peculiar and almost fastidious love of neatness. The last sound, as the hall door closed

upon his exit, wore scales practiced vigorously by Amelia, who never found time for anything else; and dinner was delayed six days out of seven by their Chestnut Street promenades. It is true, his old housekeeper still governed his servants; but what had she to do with the movements of the young ladies! So much for the observance of the fifth commandment in the nineteenth century.

Mr. McArthur was patient. His resignation was an example to all similarly circumstanced; and hope, it ever he indulged in day dreams, was confined to the time when they should be comfortably established in houses of their own, leaving him once more to his beloved solitude—his lounge by the blazing fire after tea, which, if undisturbed, ended in “something nice” by way of supper, a phrase including a large bill of fare, anything, from terrapin to cold chicken or a plain sandwich.

But this era proved to be as indeterminate as that “good time” which modern lyrics inform us is about to come. It was as mystical as those desert sands, looking like springs of water at a distance to the parched traveler. Marriage in prospective proved to be but flirtation on nearer view; and four seasons had passed without an eligible offer having been submitted to his consideration. But now both sisters were arrayed for conquest, each secretly persuaded that the other had not the least possible chance of success. The object of their flattering regard was a gentleman, the son of a gentleman—so far as wealth and position were concerned—educated in Europe, and *attaché* to our embassy in France just long enough to be introduced into good continental society.

It is not often such a “love of a man” returns to America to choose a wife; but this it was rumored Robert Dupont had done; and, of course, he was not suffered to make the selection alone and unaided. He had met Miss Amelia at a costume party, and requested an introduction. She could not believe her own good fortune, and her sister was ready to die with envy; but when he called, he became so interested in a discussion upon the fine arts with Miss McArthur, that Amelia in her turn bit her fingers with vexation.

A covert warfare, commenced on that memorable morning, was at its height, when a friend married; and the sisters agreed—in the first thing for weeks—to tease their father into giving her a bridal party. Ostensibly, a compliment to the newly-wedded—really, to claim the admiration and special attention of Mr. Dupont for an entire evening; to eclipse anything of the kind given as yet; and to pay off, at one grand settlement, all the people to whom they were indebted for similar entertainments.

Miss Wharton made the dresses; Parkinson arranged the supper-table—of course, both were unsurpassable. Perelli gave a few extra lessons on a new cavatina with which Amelia was to delight the audience; and Emeline paid several private morning calls to her old French teacher, that she might astonish Mr. Dupont by her admirable know-

ledge of that language. Poor Mr. McArthur fled home, and dined during the week at Dandurand's, so weary was he of the endless discussions as to who should be invited and who should be “out”—the only topic on which his daughters deigned to converse in his presence.

But to return to the dressing-room, where Miss Amelia was still “painting the lily” by adding the few last touches to her toilet.

“Gracious, how lovely!” she suddenly exclaimed, as some one opened the door in the midst of her amateur performances.

There were two bouquets in Dryburgh's best style, exactly alike, and crowned by Mr. Dupont's card. The only drawback was that Emeline should receive one too; “but, of course,” thought her sister, consolingly, “he didn't like to offend Em, and *had* to do it. This japonica is the largest; I'll carry her the other one;” and away she flew, a bouquet in each hand, towards the supper-room, where preparations were rapidly progressing under the skillful hands of two hired waiters, who were as pompous and insolent to the regular domestics as hired waiters usually are.

Miss McArthur ceased suddenly her orders about being “careful of that basket of china, because every bit that was broken was sure to be charged on the bill; and to count the spoons twice over before one was given to those men;” and when a sufficient number of exclamations had been exhausted over the bouquets, the two descended together to the parlors.

The halls were in a blaze of light; but the rooms were not yet arranged.

“Amelia,” said the elder, with a sudden energy, “let's have the floors chalked; it will be something so now.”

“Oh, it's so late; besides, what are the floors? I'm sure I don't know.”

“I saw them when the carpets were put down; they're regular old-fashioned oak; and Patrick could clear them in ten minutes. It's a quarter to eight, and nobody'd dream of coming before half-past. Oh! it will be so charming; and I'm sure Monsieur Haution could send a man that would do the rest. Anyhow, let's have the carpets taken up; it would be more like a regular ball.”

“But it isn't a ball; it's only a party.”

“I intended it for a *ball*, miss.”

“And I teased papa for a party, *madam*.”

It was partly a spirit of contradiction, and partly that in a ball her songs would be somewhat out of place, which animated Amelia; but she was obliged to yield to her sister, and Patrick was summoned to the consultation.

At first, he declared it impossible. There were a thousand things to be done. He had been kept busy all the day; and, besides, it would “*dust* so.” Miss Emeline would hear of no objections; and the housemaids, Rosy at their head, were summoned to assist in removing the very elegant tapestry carpets. This done, and the furniture dusted and partially

arranged, the young ladies emerged once more from their retirement in the supper-room, and entered the now plain apartments. The French time-piece on the mantel pointed to half-past eight. The furniture was still in its brown Holland covering, and the chandeliers were neither dusted nor lighted.

Amelia sullenly refused to have anything to do with the matter; she had been "cheated out of a good practice;" and, throwing back the lid of the piano, began most vigorously to make up for lost time. Emeline, in despair, scolded the girls, hurried Patrick, as his slow scrubbing-brush went over one board at a time; and, at last, as the minutes flew, was fain to mount a lounge and commence lighting the chandeliers herself, at the risk of ruining the "ten-dollar velvet." With all this hubbub in the parlors, above which rose the "ha ha ha ha ha ha

ha ha" of Miss Amelia's scale, that dulcet passage with which vocalists so often delight the listener, the first faint tinkle of the door-bell had been unheeded. Not by the attentive hired waiter, however, who, true to the instinct of duty, flung wide the portal with his lowest bow.

Miss Lothrop, the early arrival, did not keep her father waiting for more than a five minutes' consultation of the "hand mirror;" and, quite unsuspecting of the scene they were about to witness, the two entered the back drawing-room. Imagine the consternation of all parties—from Patrick, who presented a most astonishing figure as he looked up in horror at the visitors before him, to Miss Emeline, who sprang to the floor with a bound that made the drops of the candelabras vibrate for full half an hour after



Fortunately, the visitors were well disposed people from the country, who easily admitted the eager explanation of both sisters, blushed even at their own awkwardness in coming so early, and politely shut their eyes to the disorder of the room, as they walked forward to greet their host. Mr. McArthur was not less astonished than his guests at the aspect of his usually comfortable parlors. He had stayed in his own apartment till the last possible moment, walking backwards and forwards in a nervous attempt to put on a refractory glove, and now looked around him with undisguised dismay.

By the time the next group had arrived, all marks of the late revolution were removed; and the young

ladies, beaming with smiles and good-nature, were waiting to receive their guests.

And now they come faster and faster. Young ladies, in muslin and pink ribbons: older sisters, in all the innocence of white satin and spotted tarltons; mammas rustling in brocades and India silks; and maiden ladies, with nothing to remind the spectator that they had once been young but an affected juvenility in dress and manner. As for the gentlemen, they presented the usual variety found in stereotyped city parties. They wore white vests and white kid gloves—the uniform on such occasions—and a few, among those who sported moustaches, had ventured upon white watered silk cravats.

The hum of conversation soon resounded in every direction. The ladies of the house were complimented in set phraseology on the agreeable party they had drawn together; and the bride, who entered attended by her maidens, each with a ponderous bouquet, held like a shield directly in front of them, was pronounced to look charmingly.

"If ever a lady looks well," said Harris Lawton, Esq., one of the aforementioned white cravats, "it is when she is a bride. Don't you think so, Miss Amelia? To be sure, it would be almost impossible for *some* ladies to look better than they do at present;" and he bowed with an air and glance of compliment that were irresistible.

His listener blushed—perhaps at the remark, perhaps that she anxiously expected Mr. Dupont just then approached, his really fine face lighted by a smile as he caught the last observation.

"I agree with my friend Lawton," said he; "and yet there is a grace and delicacy in the bridal costume that could but enhance the beauty—of one, at least," he added, in a tone so low that none but Amelia distinguished his words.

Nay, surely there was more in this than idle gallantry! So whispered the fluttering heart, that sent a crimson tide to the cheek of the young girl; and when the signal for dancing was given by the musicians concealed in the little ante-room—now fitted up as a conservatory—and Mr. Dupont claimed her hand for the first quadrille, her exultation was at its height. She doubted no longer that a favorable opportunity alone was wanting to make her the affianced wife of the elegant man who bent towards her with so much deference in the pauses of the dance.

"As I was saying, Miss Amelia," pursued Harris Lawton, who, when a subject was once started, rarely gave up the chase until it was run down, "brides are so interesting. Observe how touchingly Mrs. Austinwall's eyes are raised to that happy dog, her husband. If some fair lady would only take pity on me!" and he settled his cravat with an air of self-complacency beautiful to behold.

"The ladies all admire him," remarked Mr. Dupont, as Lawton and his partner commenced a spirited *balancez* across the room. "In fact, they have quite spoiled him; and I verily believe he would consider himself a victim if he should ever find himself engaged. Yet, after all, what is a man good for until he is married? One must be as weary of roaming as myself before they can properly appreciate the comforts of a fireside. I long for the time that shall see me a Benedict."

"How stupid quadrilles are!" broke in the incorrigible Lawton, just as Amelia was sure her triumph was about to be completed. "After the spirited polka and redowa, one can hardly drag through them. The time is not far distant when we shall hold the quadrille as antiquated as the reel, not to be mentioned to ears polite."

This remark was addressed to Miss Amelia, and his partner inclusive. He seemed to have a fixed faith in the lawfulness of monopolies.

The dance was over; there was an end for the present to Mr. Dupont's attentions, for Miss McArthur stood smiling a welcome between the folding-doors, and there were other claimants for the honor of Amelia's hand. And yet the exhilaration of that whispered sentence did not depart. She reposed in the assurance which her heart whispered, that he longed to be at her side. More than once she saw his eyes directed towards her, even when in conversation with her rival, Julia Doummard—a pretty, delicate girl, in a simple dress of silk and tulle. There was a decided contrast between the two, and Amelia could not restrain a throb of conscious superiority when she caught a view of her dashing self in the opposite mirror, as she stood, with heightened color, chatting to a circle of gentlemen of the Harris Lawton school.

The evening passed rapidly on. The young ladies, who danced and were well provided with partners, called it "delightful." Middle-aged gentlemen, collected in groups in the doorways, said "bore" audibly; and consulted their watches to see if it were not time for supper to be announced. That species of exotic known as "wall flowers," tried their best to divert the attention of these antiquated beaux by loud laughing, and still louder remarks on every one in their immediate neighborhood; keeping up a constant flirting of fans, and addressing each other as "You child, you!" "Oh, you queer creature!"

And there was, as usual, a group at the upper end of the room, who considered themselves quite

"—— too good

For human nature's daily food;"

more particularly for the McArthur's party. They condoled with each other about being obliged to accept the invitation, and drew up the skirts of their dresses with an indignant air, if any one not of "their set" passed too near the divan where they sat in state. Mrs. Smith Ambrose did not scruple to speak of their entertainers as "forward, underbred girls, determined to push themselves in society;" and Mrs. Mark Thompson fully agreed with her, and regretted that Mr. Thompson's business connections with Mr. McArthur should make it necessary for her to countenance them.

At length, to the indescribable relief of the respectable gentlemen in the passage, supper was announced; and a rush up stairs ensued which soiled several pairs of white satin slippers and ruffled the tempers of their owners. But who could resist the soothing influence of one of Parkinson's best suppers, glittering with pyramids of choicest bon-bons, moulds of sparkling jellies, and terraces of unimpeachable ices? There were terrapins for the gentlemen, who regarded this as the only part of the evening worth the trouble of dressing, and who leaned against the mantel while they discussed the nondescript delicacy and the recently elected "speaker" at the same time. Chicken salad divided the attention of those to whom dancing had given a

color and an appetite, with the beaux, who, at the risk of white kids, insisted on helping them liberally. Others, more delicate, were content with lemonade and a "crumpet;" while those who had been warned by experience of the danger of late suppers, trifled with an ice or Roman punch. Miss Amelia, though pressed by Mr. Dupont to partake of something more substantial, was among the last, under plea of subsisting on the least imaginable quantity of food. How often had she heard her lover declare his dislike of a female *gourmand*! And, besides, no opportunity had as yet occurred for her song; and every one knows that a prima donna must not spoil her voice by indulging her appetite.

How naturally she complained of the heat, and wondered if they could not slip down stairs unobserved! There was nothing more easy; Mr. Dupont was sure they could manage it admirably. But others had been before them; for more than one pair of lovers were ensconced in various nooks of the lately deserted apartment. Though this defeated her first object—a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Dupont—it secured Miss Amelia an audience for her cavatina, when music was naturally suggested by her asking if he had heard anything from Donizetti's last opera. Of course, every one begged her to sing at once, and Mr. Dupont himself led her to the piano.

"Are you musical?" inquired Mr. Lewis of his fair partner, a young lady to whom a first winter in society had still all the charms of genuine parties and absorbing flirtations.

"*Passionately*. I adore music; the opera is my passion! And serenades—oh! there is nothing so delightful as serenades! Don't you think so?"

As Mr. Lewis saw serenades in a different point of view from Miss Ashton—being to him suggestive of cold feet from standing on an icy pavement, or reclining in the face of a sharp wind against a lamp-post, not to speak of a bill from the performers longer than he cared to settle—Mr. Lewis was guilty of a little deception when he answered, with much fervor, "Oh, nothing can be more so!"

"Now, Mrs. Seguin, in the Bohemian Girl—speaking of the opera—*isn't* she lovely?"

Mrs. Mark Thompson was heard to wonder how any one could be so vulgar as to attend the English opera—and, indeed, since they were abroad, Maretzek's *troupe* seemed hardly endurable.

Miss Amelia was just concluding a spirited *agitato* movement, with a trill on B flat, which, fortunately for Miss Ashton's peace of mind, prevented Mrs. Thompson's remark from reaching her.

"Charming!" exclaimed a dozen voices, as the last cadenza died away; and the cantatrice, flushed with exertion, rose from the music-stool.

"What power!" added Mrs. Mark Thompson, who, being somewhat musical herself, had condescended to criticise the performance aloud from commencement to close.

"Such execution!" said Mr. Lewis, knowingly, as they returned to their window-seat. "Did you ever hear that Madame Bishop practices twelve

hours a day, besides her stage appearance and rehearsals?"

"Could it be possible!" wondered Miss Ashton.

"Do favor us again; that was divine. As I just said to Mrs. Austinwall, what is a Roman punch to such strains? And we came down at once, though somebody had just proposed the bride's health. The champagne was uncommonly good, too," added Mr. Lawton, in an undertone to Mrs. Austinwall's husband.

But although flattered by the encore, Miss Amelia's second song was executed with much less grace and spirit, for some one had called Mr. Dupont away, and with him departed her inspiration. She scarce heeded Mr. Lawton's raptures when she rose from the instrument, and no solicitations could induce her to favor the company again. Dancing recommenced, as the drawing-rooms were once more thronged; and, in the next polka, the sisters met for the first time in an hour or two.

"I'm ashamed of you," whispered Eline, on the first opportunity, her face flushed with sisterly indignation, "to be flirting with Dupont so openly. Every one's talking about it all over the room."

"No more than you would do, if you had the chance," returned her sister, amiably—yet, to their partners, the one had sense to say, "Let me button your glove, dear!" and the other one had returned, "Thank you!" with a grateful and affectionate smile.

Once more, and only once, Mr. Dupont stood at Amelia's side.

"Shall I see you at the opera to-morrow night?" was his low question.

"I shall not fail to be there," she answered, with an expressive glance. There could be no doubt but he had divined her intended acceptance of his suit; and the confidence of unacknowledged lovers, trembling on the verge of a declaration, is so delightful.

"I see that you honored my bouquet," said that same low voice. "I appreciate the compliment, when you must have had such a crowd to choose from."

And then some one approached to bid his young hostess good evening, and they were separated.

"One, two," chimed the little French clock, and there was still a set of untiring young ladies dancing the mazourka, as if the evening festivities had just commenced. But at length the wearied musicians were released; the last cab rolled from the door, and Miss Eline's gathering ill-humor found vent.

"If you want to scold, you'd better come up to the supper-room, for I'm going to see if there's anything left;" and Amelia escaped from the threatened infliction.

Thither followed the whole family, Mr. McArthur yawning dolefully, but uncomplaining to the last.

"Now, Patrick, bring me something of all you can find, for I'm starved to death," said our delicate heroine; and, with a plate of chicken salad in her hand, she commenced a meal that would have sufficed for an ordinary dinner.

The supper-room—ordinarily Mr. McArthur's study—was not lighted by gas; as, true to his old-fashioned notions, its occupant insisted that the flickering light was not fit to read by. The impromptu candelabra, hastily hung by the men to whom the sisters had applied to on the emergency, was burning with a softened brilliancy; but the economical scruples of Mrs. Jenkins, the housekeeper, could not allow such a waste, and Rosy had been summoned to assist in quenching it. Mrs. Jenkins herself unscrupulously dislodged a bouquet from a vase upon the mantel, and commenced an attack upon the glowing grate, informing her assistant at the same time that "coals was *coals*, and there had been enough wasted in the house for *one* night." "The masher" was pressed into service by Rosy, who had seized the bellows for the purpose of furthering her object; and Miss Amelia looked on, while her dispute with Emeline and her attack upon the catables was vigorously maintained.

"You did not even give him a chance to speak to me when he first came in," said Emeline.

"It wasn't *my* fault that he didn't talk to you all the evening—that he didn't waltz with you all the time. I suppose people have a right of choice. What's more, if it's any satisfaction to you, he's as good as proposed; and you can do what you please about it. These fried oysters are as cold as stones."

"I shall believe it when I see it, miss."

"And your abominable bare floors! I heard over so many laughing at it! I intend to have Wilton

carpets in my house, and the most superb mirrors you can imagine. Mr. Dupont won't grumble at expenso"—and poor "papa" received a withering look from behind the cold muslin.

"I like to hear people talk," retorted Emeline.

"So do I," returned Amelia. "Go on, my dear."

"When is the happy day to be?" inquired Miss Emeline, sarcastically.

"I intend to go to Europe for a bridal tour," pursued Amelia. "Of course, I shall be presented to Queen Victoria, as Robert once danced with her. I have no doubt she will remember him. I suppose he will give diamonds for a *cadeau*; but I will get him to wait till we get to London, and I can choose for myself. Patrick, bring me that cold tongue and a dish of jelly. I suppose the cream is all melted by this time."

Now, as perverse fate would have it, Mr. Dupont had missed a small cane, which, as the gift of a friend abroad, he did not care to lose. He had gone but a square or two, when he remembered leaving it in the dressing-room, and turned back in search of it. The hall door—thanks to the carelessness of the hired waiter—stood ajar; the gas was still "brilliantly burning," and, rather than disturb the family by loud ringing, Mr. Dupont decided to look for himself. He found the cane as he anticipated; and, as he reached the landing, attracted by the loud voices issuing from the half-opened door of the supper-room, he unconsciously turned his head and witnessed the tableau we have described.



A keen sense of the ludicrous called a smile to his face, and we trust he may be pardoned for contemplating for an instant the unexpected scene. But he turned as the closing remark of Miss Amelia reached him; and we can imagine he left the house in no enviable mood.

Miss Amelia sat by the parlor window the ensuing week, and amused herself with watching the brilliant throng passing and repassing. She had been a prisoner in her own room since the night of the party, made so by a violent cold, the effect of warm rooms, draughts, and a gossamer dress. How impatiently this confinement had been borne may be imagined; for, of course, all visitors had been denied—Mr. Dupont among the number—and she had no resources within herself. Emeline paid her a flying visit occasionally, and when she saw her father, he was occupied in lamenting the effects of the evening's entertainment, in the shape of enormous bills from milliner, florist, and confectioner. The carpets were ruined by being so hurriedly torn up, and half the silver was missing without track or clue of its disappearance.

But now our heroine was convalescent; and, arrayed in a most becoming cashmere robe, lined with rose-colored silk closely quilted, with a delicate cap of French embroidery shading her face, she reclined in a luxurious easy-chair, and *looked* the invalid to the life. How eagerly she watched for the well-known form of Robert Dupont in the crowd of fashionables gliding by! How her heart fluttered at every tinkle of the door-bell; for now she was alone—and who can resist the winning, confiding helplessness of a beautiful invalid! Oh, if he could only know how she longed to hear his footsteps and to see his face!

Joy! she heard a visitor shown in. Her heart could not deceive her; and, with a flush of hope fulfilled, she half rose from her seat to greet him. But, alas! Miss Ashton alone stood before her; and, with a sigh she did not care to repress, Amelia sank back upon her cushions.

"Oh, you poor creature," said the kind little girl; "how I pity you, to be shut up here while every one's so gay! I did not know you were ill until Mr.

Lewis told me that you did not see him when he paid a party call last night."

"What's the news?" was naturally our invalid's first question when her visitor's condolences were exhausted.

"Well, there isn't any, only *the* engagement. But, of course, that's not news to you, as he was always so intimate here."

"What engagement? Emeline's not told me a breath—"

"Why, I supposed *you* knew long ago that Julia Doummard's engaged to—"

"Who, Julia?"

"To Robert Dupont."

The sudden paleness which followed this announcement was naturally attributed by the visitor to returning illness; and little did she guess what a tide of mortification, envy, and rage had driven the blood from Amelia's cheek.

"They were engaged the night before your party," continued she. "Oh, what a lovely time we had; and I like Mr. Lewis so much!"

Two months from that afternoon, Harris Lawton had completed a superlative toilet on the occasion of officiating as groomsman at his friend Dupont's wedding.

"Bless me, Bob," said he, settling his very stiff collar for the twentieth time, "who would have thought, that night of Amelia's party, that we would both be married men so soon! I never exactly knew how I came to propose; but I expect it was finding her so interesting in that nice little cap the afternoon I paid my party call. I met Miss Ashton at the door going out. She was all alone—Amelia was—and somehow I couldn't help it. We shall go abroad at once; I have engaged passage in the Niagara; and I intend giving her a superb set of diamonds. Won't she make an angelic bride?"

Mr. Dupont smiled assent, and inwardly congratulated himself that his purse was not thus to be looted on; while he wondered at the sudden transfer young ladies at the present day manage to make of their hopes and their affections.



# CHIT-CHAT UPON PHILADELPHIA SPRING FASHIONS.

It must be a mystery to gentlemen whose shopping is bounded by the hatter's, the tailor's, and the furnishing store, what ladies are so much occupied about at the precise moment of this present writing. Children are neglected, dinners delayed, and servants "put out," we doubt not, in more than one usually "well-regulated family"—shopping being considered by the lady of the house as one of those "accidents that will happen."

Seriously, dear northern reader—you who have scarcely emerged from velvets and furs—our fashionable thoroughfares are displaying the most inviting windows; and few female hearts or purses can resist the temptation so glaringly set forth. And now, first of all, for

**DRESS GOODS.**—The variety of fabrics is so great that we scarcely know how to catalogue and describe them; but to commence with the *chintz* counter at Levy's, we shall find, in every variety of color and pattern, the most delicate French, English, and American prints. There is nothing nicer for children's school-dresses, since, washed carefully, they will look nearly as good as new with every successive Monday morning. White grounds, with small stars, spots, and palm leaves, in plain or light colors, are the favorite patterns.

The mousselines de laine do not differ materially from those of former seasons; they are printed in bright, fresh colors, and are also admirable for children.

If we inquire for *lawns*, we shall be shown the pattern books from which to select. Here are plain colors, blue, pink, buff, and green; or these grounds, with small white spots or stripes.

**Next barèges.** Here is the old style, with plain buff or green grounds, and a neat flower in bright colors. But there are several new varieties, as the *cashmere barège*, a cashmere pattern on a white ground; and palm patterns of the same, lie beside it. The greatest novelty, however, is an all-wool barège, a white ground with a neat, delicate vine of green foliage and bright rose-buds. The soft texture is attributed to the peculiar kind of wool from which it is manufactured by the peasants in the mountain districts of Switzerland.

But since ladies complain, and with truth, that barèges do not wear well, the gallant French manufacturers have aroused their inventive facilities to produce a variety of substitutes. Among them, we find silk Albarine, very little more expensive than barège, and much stronger. They come in plain colors; also in white grounds with chintz patterns, as do most of the others we shall enumerate—Argentine, Sicilian, Hungarian, Grenadine, Louisienne, Georgienne, and Ty-

rolienne: The last three varieties are by far the most beautiful. Tyrolienne is a muslin of silk.

**Crape de Paris** is an exquisite fabric, and comes in plain colors, as pink, cherry, buff; also in printed patterns.

Chinese or Nankin crapes are much inquired for. They are steadily growing in favor with our ladies, now that the multitude of stiff skirts which interfered with their soft folds are laid aside. They take the most brilliant as well as delicate colors, and ranged from the brightest cherry to the palest blue. Corn color (a deep buff) and Marie Louise blue, a shade between mazarine and cerulean, are the most fashionable spring colors, for parasols as well as for dresses—though as regards the last, dark green, and green and black never go out, because of the admirable shade given by them to the eyes.

Spring silks are much neater and less dashing than those that have been worn. We have been shown one that could scarcely be rivaled for elegance. It is composed of stripes three or four inches wide, alternating from plain white, richly watered, to white satin, with an exquisite bouquet of flowers in bright colors at regular intervals. It is at once rich and unique. But who could wear it with effect? We know of but one or two faces that could brave the test among the many that shine upon Chestnut Street. We seem to see a gradual return to the plain, substantial Mantua silk, and predict that, with the fall, they alone will be inquired for by people of the best taste. The *bizarre* style, in figure and color, will be left to secluded hamlets, and those people found in all cities who are ignominiously vulgar in air and taste.

Thin materials will be made with full skirts, sleeves gathered at the wrist, and infants' waists, corded with silk, and gathered full into a *straight* belt. No point whatever. Belt ribbons of every color will be worn, with short or flowing cords, as suits inclination. The waist cannot be too long from the arm to the belt; but the length is not increased at the bodice. "Low necks" and short sleeves for young girls and children.

**MANTILLAS.**—We shall be obliged to hurry to the end of our chat, having expended so much more upon the dress itself. Mantillas will be worn as much, if not more, than the past season, when scarfs for the time took their place. There is great variety in their shape; but, as far as general description goes, they are smaller than those of last year, descending a quarter of a yard or more below the waist, and with the fronts *en tablier* or apron fashion. The favorite color is Marie Louise blue, which we have before alluded to; and the greatest novelty in trimming is worsted lace, which comes in all colors to match the silk, and has been very much worn in Paris and London this winter. It is, in reality, cheaper than anything else, as it does not easily spot or tear. Embroidery is still much worn upon them; but the patterns are novel, introducing heavy spots and bars of work. Embroidered mantillas may be finished by lace, or worked scallops, with a large dot in the centre of each. Ruches of ribbon and silk are also employed. The last is fringed when of two colors, and has an extremely pretty effect.

Bonnets in full, will be discussed in our next issue early the ensuing month. The straw is as great a favorite as ever, there being several new varieties. The shape is slightly varied, though much longer at the ears, of the fashion so prevalent some ten years since.

Spring traveling and riding dresses will also form part of our next chit-chat. **FASHION.**

## **ENGLISH FAIRIES.**

Washington, Irving

*Godey's Lady's Book* (1848-1854); Apr 1850; 40, American Periodicals

pg. 281

## **ENGLISH FAIRIES.**

**BY WASHINGTON IRVING.**

**THERE is something about rural superstitions that is extremely pleasing to the imagination; particularly those which relate to the good-humored race of household demons, and, indeed, to the whole fairy**

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mythology. The English have given an inexplicable charm to these superstitions, by the manner in which they have associated them with whatever is most homefelt and delightful in nature. I do not know a more fascinating race of beings than these little fabled people, that haunted the southern sides of hills and mountains, lurked in flowers and about fountain-heads, glided through keyholes into ancient halls, watched over farm-houses and dairies, danced on the green by summer moonlight, and on the kitchen hearth in winter. They seem to accord with the nature of English housekeeping and English scenery. I always have them in mind when I see a fine old English mansion, with its wide hall and spacious kitchen; or a venerable farm-house, in which there is so much fireside comfort and good housewifery. There was something of national character in their love of order and cleanliness; in the vigilance with which they watched over the economy of the kitchen, and the functions of the servants; munificently rewarding, with silver sixpence in shoe, the tidy housemaid, but venting their direful wrath, in midnight bobs and pinches, upon the sluttish dairymaid. I think I can trace the good effects of this ancient fairy sway over household concerns, in the care that prevails to the present day among English housemaids, to put their kitchens in order before they go to bed.

These fairy superstitions seemed to me to accord with the nature of English scenery. They suit these small landscapes, which are divided by honey-sucked hedges into sheltered fields and meadows, where the grass is mingled with daisies, buttercups, and harebells. When I first found myself among English scenery, I was continually reminded of the sweet pastoral images which distinguish their fairy mythology; and when for the first time a circle in the grass was pointed out to me as one of the rings where they were formerly supposed to have held their moonlight revels, it seemed for a moment as if fairy-land were no longer a fable. Brown, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, gives a picture of the kind of scenery to which I allude:—

“————— a pleasant mead,  
Where fairies often did their measures tread;  
Which in the meadows makes such circles green,  
As if with garlands it had crown'd been.  
Within one of these rounds was to be seen  
A hillock rise, where oft the fairy queen  
At twilight sat.”

And there is another picture of the same, in a poem ascribed to Ben Jonson:—

“By wells and rills in meadows green,  
We nightly dance our heyday guise;  
And to our fairy king and queen  
We chant our moonlight minstrelies.”

Indeed, it seems to me that the older British poets, with that true feeling for nature which distinguishes them, have closely adhered to the simple and fami-

liar imagery which they found in these popular superstitions; and have thus given to their fairy mythology those continual allusions to the farm-house and the dairy, the green meadow and the fountain-head, that fill our minds with the delightful associations of rural life. It is curious to observe how the most beautiful fictions have their origin among the rude and ignorant. There is an indescribable charm about the illusions with which chimerical ignorance once clothed every subject. These twilight views of nature are often more captivating than any which are revealed by the rays of enlightened philosophy. The most accomplished and poetical minds, therefore, have been fain to search back into these accidental conceptions of what are termed barbarous ages, and to draw from them their finest imagery and machinery. If we look through our most admired poets, we shall find that their minds have been impregnated by these popular fancies, and that those have succeeded best who have adhered closest to the simplicity of their rustic originals. Such is the case with Shakspeare in his *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, which so minutely describes the employments and amusements of fairies, and embodies all the notions concerning them which were current among the vulgar. It is thus that poetry in England has echoed back every rustic note, softened into perfect melody; it is thus that it has spread its charms over every-day life, displacing nothing, taking things as it found them, but tinting them up with its own magical hues, until every green hill and fountain-head, every fresh meadow, nay, every humble flower, is full of song and story.

I am dwelling too long, perhaps, upon a threadbare subject; yet it brings up with it a thousand delicious recollections of those happy days of childhood, when the imperfect knowledge I have since obtained had not yet dawned upon my mind, and when a fairy tale was true history to me. I have often been so transported by the pleasure of these recollections, as almost to wish that I had been born in the days when the fictions of poetry were believed. Even now I cannot look upon those fanciful creations of ignorance and credulity without a lurking regret that they have all passed away. The experience of my early days tells me that they were sources of exquisite delight: and I sometimes question whether the naturalist who can dissect the flowers of the field, receives half the pleasure from contemplating them that he did who considered them the abode of elves and fairies. I feel convinced that the true interests and solid happiness of man are promoted by the advancement of truth; yet I cannot but mourn over the pleasant errors which it has trampled down in its progress. The fauns and sylphs, the household sprite, the moonlight revel, Oberon, Queen Mab, and the delicious realms of fairy-land, all vanish before the light of true philosophy; but who does not sometimes turn with distaste from the cold realities of morning, and seek to recall the sweet visions of the night?

## ERRORS OF THE HEART.

BY JAMES CARRUTHERS.

O HERMIT! bring back your heart to the cell of retirement! was the exclamation of a Persian poet, in the hearing of a man whom he found in the bustle of the open world, devising and laboring with no better fortune than to be incessantly baffled. Unable to find out its enigmas, to cope with its devices, or to take advantage of its opportunities, the world to such an one must indeed seem strange.

But wisdom is justified of her children: into the poet's advice was thrown the entire philosophy of a successful life. It is the dicta of Truth herself, whose spirit is "the spirit of the HOLY, which is understanding," who takes things for what they are, and not for what they seem.

O hermit! deprecate this title not too readily; for though thousands press around thee, and the din of a great city is in thy ears, and the air thou inhaledst is loaded with the vapor of manufactories, and the pavement below thee is worn away by an incessant tread, a profound ignorance of human nature, and of self-knowledge, which is its inlet, isolates thee as completely from thy fellows as if thou wert fashioned and educated for some other planet. In a word, thou seekest alliance where there is no affinity—to co-operate with men who cannot recognize any manhood in thee—and for this thy thousand schemes are turned aside. Vain then thy pining, thy mourning, thy elation, thy depression. The root of bitterness is in thyself, in the irregular conduct

of the intellectual powers which check the operations of the mind, weaken the decisions of the judgment, and cause the finest energies of the understanding to languish and decay. Therefore, as thou wouldst be sacred, obey the voice of the seer, and withdraw thine heart into itself. As it is, thy affections are crucified, wasted. An unduly excited imagination suspends the influence of common sense, and whilst under this irritation, though thy genius may shine, thy invention be prolific, thy mind quick to discern and comprehensive to embrace, thou canst never prosper. Thou wantest not for opportunities, but to have the forces of thy mind equipped for action.

O hermit! the sphere of thine illusions—to which thou wouldst have all things conformed—was not made for man. Its green pastures are on the slopes of precipices, its still waters in the basins of inaccessible summits; a land without light of the sun, and whose light is as darkness.

Confront with vigor, independence, and alacrity, the faculties that can allow thee to be bewildered with such a fascination; study their structure, observe the principle of their volitions, mark the limit of their powers, and, having corrected the fervor of imagination, step without thy cell to see whether this be indeed the very world that gave thee birth, and for which thou wast created.

## THE TREASURY.

## FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY REV. SAMUEL W. FISHER.

It was my design, when the duty of addressing the friends of education on this occasion was first assigned to me, to erect before you a complete structure in itself, although without pretension to splendor or magnificence; but, like the plans of many other builders, mine has so outgrown the time fixed for the completion of my labor, as to permit the throwing up of only a portion of the main edifice. The wings, the pillars, the capitals, the cornices, the gateways, all the completeness of the design and the beauty of ornament, you will look for in vain.

It is not in a single hour so vast, so interesting a subject as that of female education, can be thoroughly presented. Its nature, its influence, its field of action, comprehending a wide range of the noblest topics, render it utterly impossible to do justice to the entire theme in the brief limits ordinarily assigned to these discussions. Indeed, it seems almost a superfluous effort. It is to discourse on female education in its presence; it is like anatomizing a Venus to inspire the sentiment of admiration, or delivering an oration on the sublime in the valley of Chamouni. I do not say this in the spirit of flattery to those whose cause it is ever a privilege to plead. Man never flatters when he utters truth or justly appreciates the works of God, however exalted may be his sentiments, however comprehensive his language. I speak thus in the spirit of devout thanksgiving to our Father in heaven, who, in the crowning work of his creation, gave woman to man, made weakness her strength, modesty her citadel, grace and gentleness her attributes, affection her dower, and the heart of man her throne. With her, toil rises into pleasure, joy fills the breast with a larger benediction, and sorrow, losing half its bitterness, is transmuted into an element of power, a discipline of goodness. Even in the coarsest life, and the most depressing circumstances, woman hath this power of hallowing all things with the sunshine of her presence. But never does it unfold itself so finely as when Education, instinct with Religion, has accomplished its most successful work. It is only then that she reveals all her varied excellence and develops her high capacities. Education, indeed, *adds* nothing to her. It only unfolds powers that were latent, or develops those in harmony and beauty which otherwise would push themselves forth in shapes grotesque, gnarled, or distorted. God creates the material, and impresses upon it his own laws. Man, in education, simply seeks to give those laws scope for action. The uneducated person, by a favorite figure of the old classic writers,

has often been compared to the rough marble in the quarry; the educated to that marble chiseled by the hand of a Phidias into forms of beauty and pillars of strength. But the analogy holds good in only a single point. As the chisel reveals the forms which the marble may be *made* to assume, so education unfolds the innate capacities of men. In all things else, how poor the comparison! how faint the analogy! In the one case, you have an aggregation of particles, crystalized into shape, without organism, life, or motion. In the other, you have life, growth, expansion. In the first, you have a mass of limestone, neither more nor less than insensate matter, utterly incapable of any alteration from within itself. In the second, you have a living body, a mind, affections instinct with power, gifted with vitality, and forming the attributes of a being allied to and only a little lower than the angels. These constitute a life, which, by its inherent force, must grow and unfold itself by a law of its own, whether you educate it or not. Some development it will make, some form it will assume, by its own irrepressible and spontaneous action. The question, with us, is rather what that form shall be; whether it shall wear the visible robes of an immortal, with a countenance glowing with the intelligence and pure affection of cherub and seraph, or, through the rags and sensual impress of an earthly, send forth only occasional gleams of its higher nature. The great work of education is to stimulate and direct this native power of growth. God and the subject cöworking effect all the rest.

In the wide senso in which it is proposed to consider the subject of education, three things are presupposed: personal talents, personal application, and the Divine blessing. Without capacities to be developed, or with very inferior capacities, education is either wholly useless or only partially successful. As it has no absolute creative power, and is utterly unable to add a single faculty to the mind, so the first condition of its success is the capacity for improvement in the subject. An idiot may be slightly affected by it, but the feebleness of his original powers forbids the noblest results of education. It teaches men how most successfully to use their own native force, and by exercise to increase it, but in no case can it supply the absence of that force. It is not its province to *inspire* genius, since that is the breath of God in the soul, bestowed as seemeth to him good, and at the disposal of no finite power. It is enough if it unfold, and discipline, and guide genius in its mission to the world. We are not to demand that it shall make of every man a Newton, a Milton, a Hall, a Chalmers, a Mason, a Washington; or of every woman a Sappho, a De Staël, a Roland, a

Hemans. The supposition that all intellects are originally equal, however flattering to our pride, is no less prejudicial to the cause of education than false in fact. It throws upon teachers the responsibility of developing talents that have scarcely an existence, and securing attainments within the range of only the very finest powers, during the period usually assigned to this work. To the ignorant, it misrepresents and dishonors education, when it presents for their judgment a very inferior intellect, which all the training of the schools has not inspired with power, as a specimen of the results of liberal pursuits. Such an intellect can never stand up beside an active though untutored mind—untutored in the schools, yet disciplined by the necessities around it. It is only in the comparison of minds of equal original power, but of different and unequal mental discipline, that the results of a thorough education reveal themselves most strikingly. The genius that, partially educated, makes a fine bar-room politician, a good county judge, a respectable member of the lower house in our State legislatures, or an expert mechanic and shrewd farmer, when developed by study and adorned with learning, rises to the foremost rank of men. Great original talents will usually give indications of their presence amidst the most depressing circumstances. But when a mind of this stamp has been allowed to unfold itself under the genial influence of large educational advantages, how will it grow in power, outstripping the multitude, as some majestic tree, rooted in a soil of peculiar richness, rises above and spreads itself abroad over the surrounding forest! Our inquiry, however, at present, is not exclusively respecting individuals thus highly gifted. Geniuses are rare in our world; sent occasionally to break up the monotony of life, impart new impulses to a generation, like comets blazing along the sky, to startle the dozing mind, no longer on the stretch to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, and rouse men to gaze on visions of excellence yet unreachd. Happily, the mass of mankind are not of this style of mind. Uniting, by the process of education, the powers which God has conferred upon them with those of a more brilliant order which are occasionally given to a few, the advancement of the world, in all things essential to its refinement, and purity, and exaltation, is probably as rapid and sure as it would be under a different constitution of things. Were all equally elevated, it might still be necessary for some to tower above the rest, and, by the sense of inequality, move the multitude to nobler aspirations. But while it is not permitted of God, that all men should actually rise to thrones in the realm of mind, yet such is the native power of all sane minds, and such their great capacity of improvement, that, made subject to a healthful discipline, they may not only qualify us for all the high duties of life on earth, but go on advancing in an ever perfecting preparation for the life above.

There has been a long standing dispute respecting the intellectual powers of the two sexes, and the

consequent style of education suitable to each. Happily, the truth on this subject may be fully spoken, without obliging me, in the presence of such an assemblage of grace, beauty, and intelligence, to exalt the father at the expense of the mother, or enoble man by denying the essential equality of woman. It is among the things settled by experience, that, equal or not equal in talents, woman, the moment she escapes from the despotism of brute force, and is suffered to unfold and exercise her powers in her own legitimate sphere, shares with man the sceptre of influence; and, without presuming to wrest from him a visible authority, by the mere force of her gentle nature, silently directs that authority, and so rules the world. She may not debate in the Senate or preside at the Bar—she may not read philosophy in the University or preach in the Sanctuary—she may not direct the national councils or lead armies to battle; but there is a style of influence resulting from her peculiar nature which constitutes her power and gives it greatness. As the sexes were designed to fill different positions in the economy of life, it would not be in harmony with the manifestations of Divine wisdom in all things else, to suppose that the powers of each were not peculiarly fitted for their own appropriate sphere. Woman gains nothing—she always loses when she leaves her own sphere for that of man. When she forsakes the household and the gentler duties of domestic life for the labors of the field, the pulpit, the rostrum, the court-room, she always descends from her own bright station, and invariably fails to ascend that of man. She falls between the two; and the world gaze at her as not exactly a woman, not quite a man, perplexed in what category of natural history to classify her. This remark holds specially true as you ascend from savage to refined society, where the rights and duties of women have been most fully recognized and most accurately defined. Mind is not to be weighed in scales. It must be judged by its *uses* and its *influence*. And who that compasses the peculiar purpose of woman's life; who that understands the meaning of those good old Saxon words, mother, sister, wife, daughter; who that estimates aright the duties they involve, the influences they embody in giving character to all of human kind, will hesitate to place her intellect, with its quickness, delicacy, and persuasiveness, as high in the scale of power as that of the father, husband, and son? If we estimate her mind by its actual power of influence when she is permitted to fill to the best advantage her circle of action, we shall find a capacity for education equal to that of him, who, merely in reference to the temporary relations of society, has been constituted her lord. If you look up into yonder firmament with your naked eye, the astronomer will point you to a star which shines down upon you single in rays of pure liquid light. But if you will ascend yon eminence,\* and direct towards it that magnificent instrument which modern

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\* Mount Adams

science has brought to such perfection of power, the same star will suddenly resolve itself into two beautiful luminaries, equal in brilliancy, equal in all stellar excellence, emitting rays of different and intensely vivid hues, yet so exactly correspondent to each other, and so embracing each other, and so mingling their various colors as to pour upon the unaided vision the pure, sparkling light of a single orb. So is it with man and woman. Created twofold, equal in all human attributes, excellence, and influence, different but correspondent, to the eye of Jehovah the harmony of their union in life is perfect, and, as one complete being, that life streams forth in rays of light and influence upon society.

The second thing presupposed in education, is personal application. There is no thorough education that is not *self-education*. Unlike the statue which can be wrought only from without, the great work of education is to unfold the life within. This life always involves self-action. The scholar is not merely a passive recipient. He grows into power by an active reception of truth. Even when he listens to another's utterance of knowledge, what vigor of attention and memory is necessary to enable him to make that knowledge his own? But when he attempts himself to master a subject of importance; when he would rise into the higher region of mathematics, philosophy, history, poetry, religion, art; or even when he would prepare himself for grappling with the great questions of life, what long processes of thought! what patient gathering together of materials! what judgment, memory, comparison, and protracted meditation are essential to complete success? The man who would triumph over obstacles, and ascend the heights of excellence in the realm of mind, must work with the continuous vigor of a steamship on an ocean voyage. Day by day the fires must burn, and the wheels revolve in the calm and in the gale—in the sunshine and the storm. The innate excellency of genius or talents can give no exemption to its possessor from this law of mental growth. An educated mind is neither an aggregation of particles accreted around a centre, as the stones grow; nor a substance which, placed in the turner's lathe, comes forth an exquisitely wrought instrument. The mere passing through an academy or college, is not education. The enjoyment of the largest educational advantages, by no means infers the possession of a mind and heart thoroughly educated; since there is an inner work to be performed by the subject of those advantages, before he can lay claim to the possession of a well disciplined and richly stored intellect and affections. The phrase "*self-made men*," is often so used as to convey the idea that the persons who have enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, are rather made by their instructors. The supposition is, in part, unjust. The outward means of education stimulate the mind, and thus assist the process of development; but it is absolutely essential to all growth in mental or moral excellence, that the person himself should be enlisted vigorously in the

work. He must work as earnestly as the man destitute of his facilities. The difference between the two consists, not in the fact that one walks and the other rides, but that the one is obliged to take a longer road to reach the same point. Teachers, books, recitations, and lectures, facilitate our course, direct us how most advantageously to study, point out the shortest path to the end we seek, and tend to rouse the soul to the putting forth of its powers; but neither of these can take the place of, or forestall, intense personal application. The man without instructors, like a traveler without guide-boards, must take many a useless step, and often retrace his way. He may, after this experimental traveling, at length reach the same point with the person who has enjoyed superior literary aids, but it will cost the waste of many a precious hour, which might have been spent in enlarging the sphere of his vision and perfecting the symmetry of his intellectual powers. In all cases of large attainments and ripe character, in either sex, the process of growth is laborious. Thinking is hard work. All things most excellent, are the fruit of slow, patient working. The trees grow slowly, grain by grain—the planets creep round their orbits, inch by inch—the rivers hasten to the ocean by a gentle progress—the clouds gather the rain-drop from the invisible air, particle by particle; and we are not to ask that this immortal mind, the grandest thing in the world, shall reach its perfection by a single stride, or independently of the most early, profound, and protracted self-labor. It is enough for us that, thankfully accepting the assistance of those who have ascended above us, we give ourselves to assiduous toil, until our souls grow up to the stature of perfect men.

The third thing presupposed in education, is the Divine benediction. In all spheres of action, we recognize the overruling providence of God working without us, and his Spirit commissioned to work within us. Nor is there any work of mortal life in which we more need to ally unto ourselves the wisdom and energy of Jehovah, as an essential element of success, than in this long process where truth, affection, decision, judgment, and perseverance in the teacher, are to win into the paths of self-labor minds of every degree of ability, and dispositions of every variety. When God smiles upon us, then this grand work of moulding hearts and intellects for their high destiny moves forward without friction, and the young heart silently and joyously comes forth into the light.

## FRESH SALT.

BY KATE BERRY.

(See Plate.)

"THERE is nothing new under the sun" is as true a saying now as when it was first uttered in the infancy of the world. Old superstitions, old nursery songs, old tricks and jokes are re-believed, re-sung, and re-enacted by each succeeding generation. College boys nowadays play the same witty and wonderful pranks upon "prex" and "prof." that their forefathers did, and that have surprised and delighted the unsophisticated part of mankind ever since college walls were first reared. Nursery rhymes are transmitted with very slight alterations from one generation to another; and I doubt not that the chubby-faced babies of Queen Victoria are sung to sleep with the same melodies that quieted the infant cries of King Alfred.

As for the time when the "House that Jack built" and "Mother Hubbard" were not in existence, when Barbara Allen's sorrows were not sung, and the remarkable career of Cock Robin unknown, I am constrained to believe that there never was such a period.

Akin to these things in antiquity and universality, is the belief prevailing among the juveniles of every generation, that birds can be caught by putting salt on their tails. In what remote period of the world's history, or in what *green spot* upon the earth's surface this singular belief first influenced the actions of the young, I shall neither inquire nor attempt to determine. Not but that the investigation might prove vastly useful in enabling us to solve the question as to the best manner of forming the minds of children, but because it involves an amount of labor unsuited to my capacities—and especially for this reason, that I fear the present generation would not appreciate such exertions; for it strikes me as being one of the signs of the degeneracy of these times, that this belief is not only not inculcated with the zeal of our ancestors, but—what is an infinitely worse indication—is not so readily received and acted upon as it once was by children.

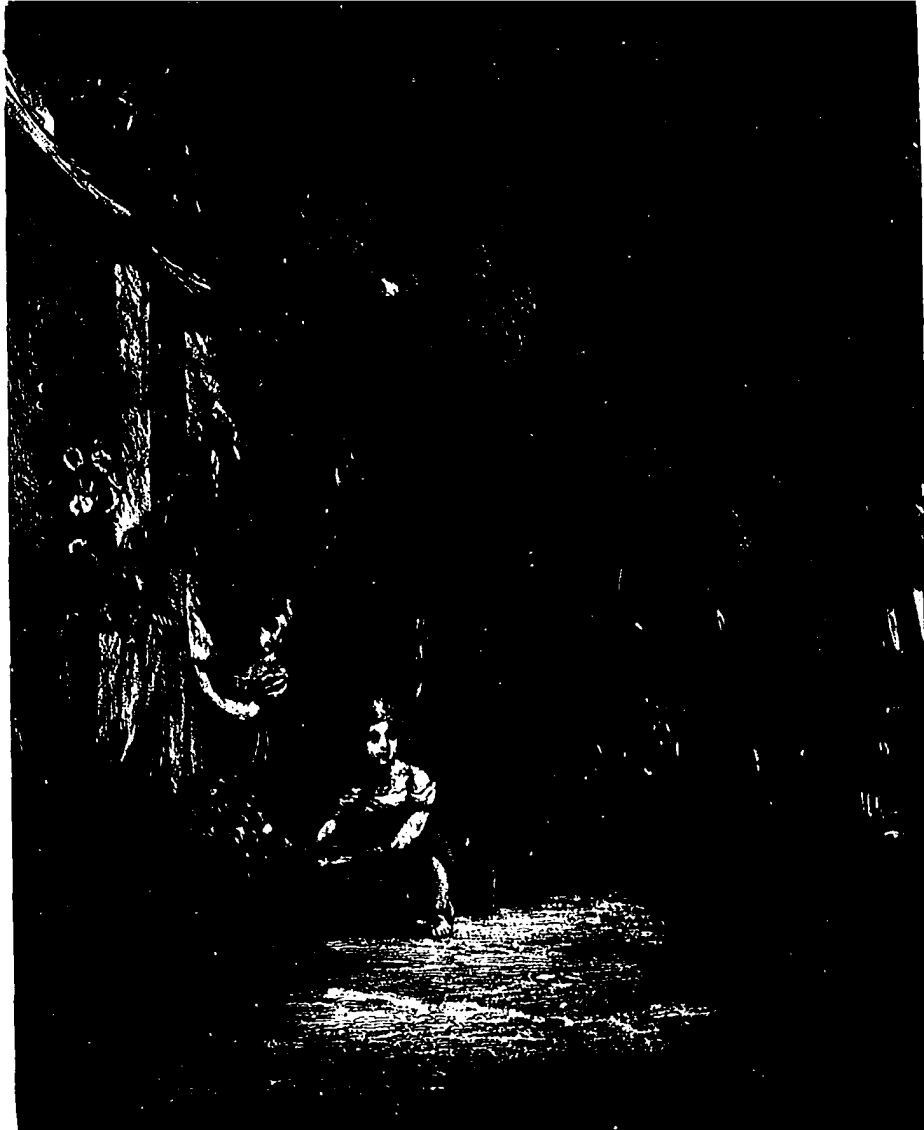
These little creatures become now prematurely men and women, and are too generally losing the greatest charm of childhood—its simplicity—to be induced to try the experiment of catching birds with "fresh salt." They are themselves too much like the aged members of the feathered race—they are not to be "caught with chaff." There may be many pleasing exceptions among little folks; I hope there are—indeed, I know of a few.

But to return to antiquity. My dear mother, now nearly eighty years of age, says that many were

the attempts which she made when a child to catch birds by putting salt on their tails; and I dare say that not one of "Godey's" thousands of readers but remembers well of doing the same thing. I, for one, readily plead guilty; for the belief was carefully inculcated, along with other *seasonable* instructions, upon my youthful mind. How many Saturday afternoons I have spent with my little playmates, each carrying a handful of salt, racing up and down under the elms which surrounded my father's house, after those modest looking, small, brown things for which I never knew any other name than "chirping birds." Strange to say, we never succeeded in catching a single one, but innumerable were the times when we came so near it that our failure was perfectly confounding—so near that, just as the salt was on the point of dropping from our palms, away would go the prize, leaving us ready to cry with vexation.

I remember, too—for I was a remarkably precocious child—that I had many thoughts upon the subject of the why and wherefore, and longed to inquire what there was in the nature of salt that could render birds catchable, and why it would not be just as well to put it on their backs or heads. But I never did inquire, for fear of being laughed at on account of ignorance in a matter which seemed quite clear to my elder brothers and sisters. My cogitations on this subject were similar in profundity to those which agitated my brain in relation to the falling of the sky, on the occurrence of which event I had heard it said that we should catch larks. Then I could get birds without the trouble of salting their tails, besides having an opportunity to discover of what the clouds were made; but I was greatly fearful that those very clouds would crush me in their descent. The anticipation of such an event and such consequences to themselves seemed to have been entertained by the feathered tribes generally, thought I—as was shown by the conduct of Chicken Little, whose fright when a rose-leaf fell on her back, portending, as she foolishly imagined, the falling of the sky, caused such fatal results to herself and her friends. But, while reviewing her needless alarm, I was reassured; and, throwing myself under one of the old elms, would patiently watch the clouds, hoping to see them descend, bringing larks in their folds, till, wearied out with waiting, I started up, and had recourse to the old attempted salting process in order to obtain what I so ardently wished—one of the birds.





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In such fruitless exertions to capture the winged songsters, and in the indulgence of such vain wishes for securing them, the season of childhood passed; and I reached that matured period of life when I too could look on as an amused spectator while a younger race re-enacted the fascinating performance of catching birds with salt. Whether my grown-up companions and myself are now engaged in similarly wise pursuits, under different aspects and names from this, but akin to it in reasonableness, I shall not attempt at present to prove, though I think it could easily be done; for I am in haste to tell you of a remarkable effort at bird-catching which fell under my observation the past summer, bringing vividly to mind my own youthful wild-geese chases. I was staying for a few days at a quiet farmhouse, in a charmingly romantic and secluded region far away in the country. The farmer and his wife were a sensible, industrious couple, soberly happy in performing the duties and labor of their vocation, and endowed with enough taste to enable them to enjoy the beauties of their home. They were blest with two children, bright, active little girls, full of life and play, who frolicked the long summer days under the grand old trees that surrounded the house, and who contributed in no small degree, by their childish merriment, to enliven its inmates. Nevertheless, many inevitably dull hours would have been passed by my companion and myself, had it not been for the presence of another member of the household. This was a bachelor brother of the farmer's wife, a shy, mischievous old fellow, but good-natured withal, who wonderfully enjoyed putting jokes on his acquaintances, provided the doing thereof did not too much tax his bodily energies, for he was terribly lazy. Everybody called him "Uncle Ben," nor did I ever hear whether he had a further name. Neither could I ever discover that Uncle Ben did the least thing to render himself useful, in the usual acceptance of the term, except so far as causing a laugh was beneficial to his friends. He had a certain habit, it is true, of strolling up and down the garden-walks with a pruning-knife in his hand, and looking very hard at the currant-bushes and rose-trees, as much as to say, "When spring comes, I'll give you a thorough slashing;" but he never troubled himself to take a hoe or spade when the wielding such implements was needful. Notwithstanding, Uncle Ben was a great favorite with us all, and the children particularly, whom he alternately teased and putted. But I cannot help suspecting that his matter-of-fact brother-in-law and sister would have voted him a bore, if, as I judged from sundry manifestations, he had not bound them by ties of gratitude in bestowing of means (never acquired by his own exertions, I am sure) to secure them and himself a home together. It is none of my business, however, to say anything of Uncle Ben's pecuniary matters, especially as he never took the trouble to tell me of them.

One thing is undeniable, that it was very seldom we stole a march on him—"came up with him," as

the saying is. When such an event did occur, his expression of surprise was amusing to see. It was quite impossible to make him angry; but, as his little niece Hetty, the elder of the two children, who had a good share of her uncle's mischievous disposition, remarked, "Uncle Ben would draw in his horns then for a few days."

Well, it happened one pleasant afternoon that I was sitting in my chamber window, which looked out on the beautiful trees in the rear of the house, when Uncle Ben came leisurely walking from the garden with his overlasting pruning-knife in his hand. This pruning-knife was a standing joke between him and Hetty, who had called after him as he sallied forth to inquire what trimming he meant to do that day. "Why, puss," said he, "I am going to trim off all the rats' tails in the granary." Hetty had a sunnily demure way of affecting to believe all he said, however foolish and improbable, so she only remarked that "that would be grand fun;" and began to amuse herself with a dairy on a small scale, by making "cheeses" from the hollyhock blossoms which grew beside the gate. As he now came in view, little Mary ran to meet him, and began telling how much she would like to have one of those dear, pretty birds that were singing in the trees and sometimes hopped about on the ground so near that she could almost touch them.

"Why, Pickaninny," said Uncle Ben, who always called her by this conveniently abbreviated pet name, "that's very easily done. The next time you see one light, just run and put some salt on his tail, and you can catch him so easy, oh, so very easy, there'll be no fun in it. I tried it myself a hundred times when I was a boy."

Pickaninny, with the sweet credulousness of early childhood, believed every word of her uncle; and, running to the house as fast as her tiny bare feet could carry her, she helped herself to a trencher of salt, which always stood in readiness for use on the kitchen-dresser, and scampered back to Uncle Ben's side, her face glowing with animation at the idea of the capture she was going to make. She had not long waited for her anticipated prize, when an inexperienced robin, to all appearance very recently emerged from the parent nest, alighted at a little distance. Off dashed Pickaninny, trencher in one hand and an iron spoonful of salt in the other; but, just as she came within about a foot of the eagerly-sought treasure, up rose the fat, ball-like bunch of animated existence, and found repose on the lowest branch of a neighboring tree.

"Now, Uncle Ben, if that isn't too bad," said Pickaninny, as she ran back and seated herself, with a disappointed look, on a rough bench at his feet.

"Try it again," said Uncle Ben; "it won't do to be discouraged so soon; and next time you must go very slowly, so as not to frighten the bird before you reach him."

He had scarcely spoken, when the maternal parent of the young robin, apparently searching for

her trunk offering, came hopping along in full view. Pickaninny deposited her trencher on the bench, and carefully guarding the spoonful of salt, with deliberate steps approached the robin. Alas for the poor child's anticipations! her cautiousness availed nothing, and the provoking bird was out of sight just as she was sure of getting it.

"I don't think the salt is fresh enough," said Uncle Ben, very gravely; "it has stood in the dish too long, and the birds don't like it."

No sooner said than acted upon by the eager little bird-catcher, who emptied her dish of its contents and flew to the kitchen, where, in her mother's absence, she heaped it with "fresh salt" from the "big salt-box."

"Now we'll get one, Uncle Ben, won't we!" she cried, with childish glee, as she reappeared with a new supply of the magical bird-entrapper. Her next onslaught was directed against one of those tame, home-like, sober-hued birds, such as my efforts had been principally made to capture in that period long enough gone by, my own childhood. The gentle creature suffered its pursuer to come quite near, and then, by a succession of short hops and quick, low flights, led her a long chase, in and out among the trees; finally putting a termination to the pursuit by soaring off, with a little grub in its bill, towards its unseen nest.

"I could have caught that one, as easy as nothing," said Pickaninny, as she sat down to rest one moment, "if it would only have let me get near enough to put the salt on its tail; but it wouldn't, the naughty thing!"

"Stick to it, Pickaninny," said Uncle Ben, in encouraging tones; "you'll make it out by and by: only don't give it up yet."

Thus excited to renew her exertions, the child started up with fresh vigor; then ensued another series of sallies on the part of the attacking force, followed by the flight of the wished-for prisoners and the retreat of the would-be captor. Uncle Ben leaned against the gate, in his indolent way, and watched the child's motions, while a laugh lurked about the corners of his eyes. He was just one of those easy, idle souls that could spend hours in such a manner, and be sufficiently entertained to "grow fat" on it for a month afterwards. Hetty did not join in the pursuit with her more credulous sister; but she occasionally left her own amusements to observe the chase, looking alternately at the panting Mary and her smiling uncle with a roguish expression, which made her very much resemble the latter individual.

Poor Pickaninny, excited by the chase and Uncle Ben's encouraging words, became at length so engaged that she left the vicinity of the house and ran far off into the grove, tempted by the sight of blue-birds and sparrows that flitted and warbled in its recesses. She even grew so insane in her pursuit as to toss up a spoonful of salt, in the vain hope of reaching the tail of an oriole, whose prolonged and musical notes were heard and brilliant plumage

seen glancing among the branches of a stately larch-tree. Finally, quite wearied out, with red and glowing face, torn frock, and nearly empty trencher, she returned to where Uncle Ben, with all the perseverance of a lazy man, was still reclining.

"Oh do, dear, good Uncle Ben, just come and help me catch one of the birds. You are a big man, and you can do it without running," cried Pickaninny, in imploring tones.

Uncle Ben wisely declined, under the plea of fatigue; but she was not to be put off so easily, and her entreaties, once begun, were persevered in with the determination that generally characterizes children.

"Now, that's a good, nice uncle; do come and put some salt on one of the bird's tails—do, do!" and she pulled lustily at his coat-skirts.

"You are not a good girl, Pickaninny," said he, at last, trying very hard to look stern, "to tease uncle so. Poor uncle has been so hard at work all the afternoon with his pruning-knife, and now for you to want him to run after the birds is too bad."

I have no doubt that Uncle Ben really thought he had been doing great execution in the garden, for I have known many lazy people who were fully impressed with the idea that their unhappy fate obliged them to accomplish more labor than was good for their corporeal health. Sly Hetty had, it is probable, with a penetration not unfrequent at her age, observed this weak point in Uncle Ben's character. She looked at him now with a most mischievous expression of condolence on her features.

"What a pity it is, Uncle Ben," said she, "that you tired yourself so dreadfully chasing the rats, when you might have saved yourself a great deal of hard work and caught them so easy by just putting salt on their tails!"

I wish you had seen Uncle Ben's countenance at that moment, as he turned, perceiving by our laughter that the conversation had been heard by all of us—such a comical blending of *sheepishness* with a suppressed desire to join in our merriment as it exhibited when he discovered, by Hetty's childish sarcasm, that she not only understood how birds could be caught with salt, but that she also appreciated his afternoon's labors with the pruning-knife. It appears that Uncle Ben was rather sensitive on the subject of the allusions, good-natured though they were, which were sometimes made to his constitutional infirmity of indolence; so, without saying a word, he turned on his heel and entered the house, leaving little Mary to pursue her exertions unencouraged by his presence. The disappointed child was not inclined to continue the chase; but, though disposed to let the birds alone for the remainder of that day at least, she was evidently quite unable to comprehend the secret of her ill success in trying to catch them with salt. She was not, I believe, less wise in this respect than little folks usually are found to be.

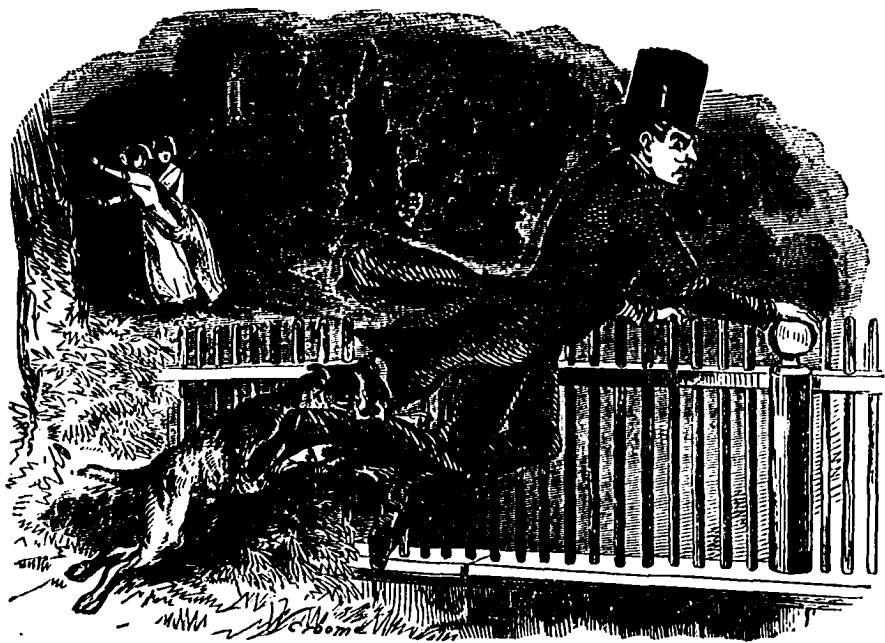
The second day after this, we left the farmer's hospitable abode; and, during the short intervening

period of our stay, Uncle Ben hardly dared to mention the word "salt," or, when at table, to make use of that indispensable article: he was sure to encounter the laughing eyes of Hetty, or to hear some childishly inquisitive remark from Pickaninny as to the nature of the affinity between birds' tails and salt, which drew the attention of the others to himself in a manner which he did not appear to relish. He was evidently in that unusual state which we had heard Hetty describe as sometimes occurring—his horns were drawn in.

Time has, ere this, in all probability, restored his spirits to their wonted equable and easy flow; and I know his good-nature well enough to be certain that, if he should read this simple sketch—as he very likely will, for the "Book" has penetrated even to that secluded hamlet—he will be as amused at the recollections which it will call up as was I with all the circumstances of Pickaninny's bird chase.

After a learned exordium and an apt illustration,

I had thought, in conclusion, to add a "few practical remarks," thus giving to my story a "moral"—an appendage which, I have lately read in a newspaper paragraph, is declared to be utterly wanting in "magazine tales." But, on reflection, I deem it best to let each one draw a moral for himself, according to his tastes or experience in life; which moral may either consist of earnest cogitations on the subject of the phenomena of laziness, or of its complete opposite, headlong, misdirected energy—the latter manifestation being that which should most carefully be guarded against in this gold-hunting age. And, by way of brief application and warning, I will say to those who are about to embark for California, that, if they return disappointed in seeking what might have come dressed in beauty and harmony if they had stayed at home, why, they will find themselves precisely in the situation of those miniature men and women who drive the birds away in trying to catch them by putting salt on their tails.



## GOING A MAYING.

BY JOHN JONES, JR.

My dear Mr. Godey, in your days of innocence—the innocence of early manhood, I mean—did you ever go a Maying?

What do you say? Never so green as that? Well, well; I'll not force you to any unwilling confessions. As for myself, I freely own that I have been a Maying. Often? O no; I didn't say that. But I've been a Maying, and know something of its pleasures. Shall I tell you about them?

Well, it was some years ago, and I was younger than I am now—younger and more simple-minded.

"Jones," said a friend to me, near the close of a March-like April, in which we had enjoyed plenty of showers, but rather a small quantity of sun—tears in profusion, but no over abundance of smiles—"we're getting up a party for May morning. Will you go along?"

"A Maying party?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Who are to be of the number?"

"Johnson, Williams, and myself, and some of the girls."

"Ah! What girls?"

"Grace Phillips."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and Mary Weston."

The name of Mary Weston made my heart beat faster.

"Are you sure Mary is going?" said I.

"O yes," was replied; "she made the first suggestion."

"I guess I'll go, then."

"Very well. In fact, we have already put you down as one of the number. Will you call for Mary?"

"You couldn't ask me to do a more agreeable thing," said I.

"All right, then. You'd better see Mary, and tell her of this arrangement."

Which duty I hesitated not to perform.

After some consultation among all the parties to the affair in contemplation, it was finally arranged that we should all meet at sunrise on the Belvedere Bridge, which spanned the Falls, about half a mile from B—, unless we happened to get into company on our way towards our place of rendezvous. From this point, we were to proceed up the York road, and get our May flowers from garden of wood, which ever gave the best promise of floral treasures.

The last day of April was a day of genial sun shine, and closed with the promise of a bright May

morning; but, if the clerk of the weather had been arraigned on the next day for breach of promise, I rather think an impartial jury would have convicted him. This, however, is anticipating.

At the earliest dawn, I was stirring. As I passed forth into the street, the air struck damp and cold upon my face, causing me to shiver. I was about turning back for an overcoat, when the thought of going a Maying buttoned up to the chin in a heavy surcoat presented itself as so ridiculous, that I at once abandoned the thought.

A few squares distant lived Mary Weston. When I called for her, she was all ready, dressed in spring attire, and we were soon on our way towards the place of meeting.

"Haden't you better go back for a thicker shawl?" said I, after we had gone on a little way. The light silk scarf thrown round her shoulders I only then observed.

"O no; it will soon be warm enough," she replied.

As we passed from the city and came in sight of Jones's Falls, a heavy fog was seen filling the whole valley through which the stream flowed, as well as covering a portion of the surrounding hills; and the air we now breathed was colder and more heavily laden with vapor.

"Haden't you better return?" said I. "The morning is too cold and damp."

"O no," answered my companion, gayly; "having once started, we mustn't look back. They'll laugh at us. It will be bright and warm as soon as the sun rises."

And as she spoke, I saw that her teeth were chattering.

On we hastened until we reached the bridge, where we found two of our party shivering in the humid air.

We tried to jest and be gay at meeting; but the attempt was a failure. Mutual inquiries were made for the rest of our friends, but none of us had seen them. After waiting and shivering in the cold for some fifteen or twenty minutes, we concluded that they had been wiser than we, and so determined that we would proceed onwards without them.

"Where shall we go?" was the next question.

"To Dr. Mann's place," suggested one. "There are plenty of flowers there."

So over the hill we scampered, to warm up our blood, and were soon at the beautiful country seat mentioned. By this time, the feet of our two young ladies were as completely saturated as if they had been dipped in water, and their dresses nicely dragged. Boldly clambering the fence, after trying the gate and finding it securely fastened, we were proceeding in hot haste for a cluster of lilac bushes, when our course was suddenly arrested by the apparition of a man carrying a gun, which he immediately proceeded to level at us with as much coolness as if we had been so many birds. The running, screeching, and tumbling that immediately took place among the girls of our small party, it was painfully amusing to see and hear. As for us males,

we retreated as deliberately and with as much dignity as the occasion would permit.

No lives were lost; but Mary Weston came off minus a shoe. On discovering this, I recrossed the fence to go in search of the missing article; upon seeing which, the man with the gun brought his instrument once more to his shoulder. The girls screamed, and I paused.

"Off with you!" cried he of the gun, authoritatively.

"One of the ladies has lost her shoe," I cried back.

"I don't care! Clear out!" was returned.

"Confound it! The lady must have her shoe!" I responded, beginning to feel rather angry.

"Clear out, or I'll shoot," was answered to this.

"Shoot and be hanged to you!" said I, advancing.

The man swore, and blustered, and threatened; but my blood was up, and so I paid no more attention to him. The sequel was, I found the slipper, and he didn't shoot. I learned, from pretty good authority, afterwards, that his gun was not loaded.

"Oh dear, let's go home!" sighed the poor girls, who were in a sorry condition.

"Not until we get some flowers. It will never do to return until we get our May flowers," objected we.

So, after some persuasion, we induced our young ladies to go with us over to the York road, and along that turnpike for about a quarter of a mile, when a nice little garden, with its clusters of lilac and snowball bushes, and its beds of daffodils and crocuses met our eager eyes. A large barn hid, at one point of the road, the neat dwelling from view, and from this point it was decided that we should make an entrance and abstract from the garden a few floral treasures to prevent them wasting their sweetness on the desert air. While the girls stood on the roadside, we were to commit our depredations.

I entered first, and proceeded noiselessly for the lilac bushes, while my companion made his way to where a few garden flowers were peeping forth. With one eye upon a portion of the dwelling in view, and the other on the lilac bushes, I went on cautiously, and soon gained the place I sought. Unmolested, I broke off large bunches of flowers. Just as I was about moving away, I was startled by a heavy bark and deep growl at a short distance; and, glancing in that direction, I was not very agreeably affected at seeing a savage-looking bull-terrier approaching with eager bounds.

You may be sure that no grass grew under my feet as I hurried back towards a place of safety. At every step, the dog gained on me, his fierce "Bow, wow, wow!" startling the echoes for a quarter of a mile around.

I quickened my pace. The fence was near, but the dog was only a few feet behind. Just as I laid my hands on this welcome barrier, the savage beast drove his teeth into one of my legs. A single bound and I was in the road; but in the dog's mouth was a long strip of blood-stained cloth, which he had to run from my nether garments.

You need not suppose we lingered long in that particular location. The girls were as much frightened as before, while I was bleeding and in pain. As soon as we had retired to a safe distance from the scene of this last adventure, we paused, in order that I might bandage with handkerchiefs my lacerated limb, and also hide, while doing this, the fearful rent which my pantaloons had suffered.

In the excitement of the moment, I had dropped my lilacs; so we were still without our May flowers. Up to this time the sun had not shown his welcome face, and the air was still loaded with fog. And now the rain began to come down in a fine, penetrating mist.

Slowly, silently, and sorrowfully we were moving back towards the city, when the young man who was in company stopped suddenly, and said—

"Can't go back in this way. Came out for flowers, and don't mean to return without them. Never like to be beat."

"There are some dogwood flowers," I remarked, pointing to a tree standing at some distance on the edge of a wood.

"As good as anything else. Flowers are flowers!" and away he started.

In no very pleasant frame of body or mind, we stood awaiting his return, while the falling rain increased.

At last, each of us possessed a branch well covered with white dogwood blossoms, the crowning glory of our Maying expedition; and, with these our trophies, turned our faces homeward, and pushed forward with a right good will.

Shall I describe our appearance? No; I will leave that to your fruitful imagination, and that will tell you that we cut a figure.

Recrossing the bridge, we hurried forward, the driving rain falling faster and faster, and penetrating

our garments deeper and deeper. At the mill, just beyond the bridge, two lads espied us in our sorry plight—I limping upon my bandaged and bloody leg, and the girls holding up their dragged skirts, while each one of us clutched a branch of dogwood covered with blossoms.

"Look, Bill!" cried one of these young scamps; "look! look!"

"Ha! ha!" roared the one called Bill; "ha! ha! been a Maying!"

"All that for dogwood flowers!" said the first speaker. "They must love flowers, Bill!"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Bill, in response to this.

As fast as possible hurried we by these young, unscrupulous critics, and were soon on the verge of the hill overlooking the city, where we paused for a moment.

"Well said—all this for dogwood flowers!" I muttered between my teeth, tossing my May blooms from me with an air of contempt.

Silently my companions followed my example, and then we silently resumed our journey. By this time we were completely drenched with rain.

Over all the particulars of our entrance into the city, permit me to draw a veil. They might amuse you a little, but I rather think I will leave them untold.

"All this for dogwood blossoms!" said I to Mary Weston, as I parted with her at her own door. She smiled faintly, and glided from my view.

"All this for dogwood blossoms!" I sighed, as I entered my own chamber, and proceeded to remove my wet and torn clothing, and to examine my bitten leg. The wound, though it bled a good deal, was not as serious as I had thought. Still, it was bad enough to cause a temporary lameness.

I have never been a Maying since.

## KATHARINE WALTON: OR, THE PARTISAN'S DAUGHTER.

### A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE PARTISAN," "MELLICHAMPE," "THE KINSMEN,"  
"THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

[Entered, according to the act of Congress, in the year 1850, by W. Gilmore Simms, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 251.)

#### CHAPTER IX.

What is the reason of this terrible summons?

*Othello.*

It was not very long after the house had become quiet, that the faithful Bacchus might have been seen entering the chamber of Singleton, or, as we shall continue to call him for a time, the captain of loyalists. He remained some time in counsel with the latter; and, at length, the two emerged together from the room. But they came forth in utter darkness, invisible to each other, and only secure in their movements by their equal familiarity with the several localities of the house. We may mention that Furness had not sought his couch when he separated from Katharine Walton. He was now armed to the teeth, with sword and pistol; his hunting horn suspended from his neck, and his whole appearance that of one ready for flight or action. Bacchus soon left his side, and our partisan awaited him in the great passage of the hall. But a little time had elapsed when the negro rejoined him. They then left the house together, and disappeared among the shade trees which surrounded it on every side.

An hour might have elapsed after their departure, when the silence of midnight was broken by the single blast of a horn, apparently sounded at some distance. This was echoed by another that seemed to issue from the front avenue of the dwelling. Both avenues, front and rear, had been occupied, in part, by the detachment which had accompanied the commandant from Dorchester, and which was justly supposed fully equal to his protection and objects. But the force which, concentrated, would have been adequate to these purposes, was not sufficient to cover the vast extent of woods which encompassed the dwelling; and his men, when scattered, were really lost amidst the spacious forest-area of which "The Oaks" constituted the centre. Distributed at certain points, as guards and sentinels, however well disposed, there were still long stretches of space and thicket which the detachment failed to cover; through the avenues of which a subtle scout, familiar with the region, might easily pick his way, unseen and unsuspected, under cover of the night.

The Scotch officer on duty for the night, a Captain McDowell, was circumspect and vigilant; but he was ignorant of the neighborhood, and, without any inferiority of intelligence or neglect of duty, had failed to dispose his little force to the best advantage. But he was wakeful; and the sound of the midnight and mysterious horn had aroused him to every exercise of vigilance. Another signal followed from another quarter, which, after a brief pause, was echoed from a fourth; and our worthy captain of the guard began to fancy that his little force was entirely surrounded. He at once proceeded to array and bring his separate squads together; keeping them as much as possible *perdu*, and in preparation for all events. We need not follow him in his operations, satisfied that, awakened to a sense of possible danger, he is the man to make the best disposition of his resources.

It was in the moment when Balfour's sleep was of the profoundest character, that Cruden, followed by his white servant, both armed, but very imperfectly dressed, bolted headlong into the chamber of the sleeping commandant. He heard nothing of the intrusion. He was in a world very far away from that in which he was required to play his part—a world in which his dreams of delight were singularly mixed with those of doubt; in which visions of boundless treasure were opened to his sight, but denied his grasp—a pale, spectral form of an ancient lady rejoicing in a beard, always passing between him and the object of his desires. There were other visions to charm his eyes, in which the treasure took the shape of a beautiful young woman; while the obstacle that opposed his approach was that of a fierce rebel, breathing rage and defiance, whom his fancy readily conceived to be no other than the insurgent father of Katharine Walton. With a brain thus filled with confused and conflicting objects, and not altogether free from the effects of that torpifying nostrum upon which he had retired, the events in progress, in his actual world, however startling, made little or no impression upon his senses. The noise that filled his ears was associated happily with the incidents in his dreaming experience, and this failed entirely to arouse him to external consciousness.



"He sleeps like an ox," cried Cruden, as he held the candle above the sleeper, and shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Ha! ho! there! What would you be after? Will you deny me? Dare me? Do you think that I will give it up—that I fear your sword, you infernal rebel, or your—Eh! what!"—opening his eyes.

The rough ministry of the commissioner of confiscated estates at length promised to be effectual. The incoherent speech of the dreamer began to exhibit signs of a returning faculty of thought.

"What! Cruden! you! What the devil's the matter?"

"Do you not hear? The devil seems to be the matter indeed!"

"Hear! What should I hear?"

"What! do you not hear? There's uproar enough to rouse all the seven sleepers, I should think."

"And so there is! What is it?"

"Rouse up, and get yourself dressed. There is a surprise, or something like it."

With the aid of Cruden and his servant, the commandant was soon upon his feet, rather submitting to be put into clothes and armor than greatly succoring himself. His faculties were still bewildered, but brightening with the rise and fall of the noises from without. These were such as might naturally be occasioned by the surprise of a post, at midnight, by an enemy—the rush and shout of men on horseback, the blast of bugles, and occasionally the sharp percussion of the pistol-shot suddenly rising above the general confusion. It was not long before Balfour was ready. With sword and pistol in hand, accompanied by Cruden similarly equipped, he now made his way out of the chamber to the front entrance of the house, in which quarter the greatest uproar seemed to prevail. When there, and standing in the open air under the light of the stars, they could more distinctly trace the progress of the noise. It seemed to spread now equally away to the river, on the route below, and in the rear of the mansion, making in a westerly direction. They had not well begun making their observations, uncertain in which direction to turn their steps, when they suddenly beheld a litho and active figure darting from the thicket in the rear, and making toward them. The stranger was at once challenged by Cruden, and proved to be our loyalist captain, Furness. He, too, carried sword and pistol ready in his grasp; and his voice and manner were those of one eager and excited by the fray. He seemed no ways surprised by their appearance, however much they may have been at his.

"Rather more scared than hurt, I reckon, colonel," was his frank and ready salutation. "How long have you been out?"

"Only this moment," was the answer of Balfour. "But what's the matter?"

"There's no telling exactly. Everything seems to have become wild without a reason. I was roused from as sweet a sleep as I ever tasted, by

the ringing of a horn in my very ears—so it seemed to me. And then there was another horn answering to that; then, after a little while, there was a shout and a halloo, and the rush of one horse and then another, and then a score of pistol-shots. With that, I put out to see what was the matter, and what was to be done, and followed in the direction of the noise; but I could find out nothing, got bewildered in the woods, and, in beating about for an opening, I heard a rush not far off. Now, says I, the enemy is upon me; and I braced myself up for a hard fight as well as I could. I heard the bush break suddenly just before me, and I called out. No answer; but, as the bush moved, I cracked away at it with a pistol-shot, and soon heard a scamper. It proved to be an old cow, who was evidently more alarmed than anybody else. She moved off mighty brisk after that; but it's ten to one she carries the mark of my bullet. I was so nigh to her that I could not well have missed."

"And this is all you know, Captain Furness?"

"Pretty much all! I have only seen two or three of the troopers, and they seemed so much disposed to send their bullets at me, that I have tried to steer clear of them. They are gone out mostly somewhere to the west; but they know the country better than I do, for I've quite lost my reckoning where I am."

At this moment, the clatter of a horseman, at a hard gallop, awakened the curiosity of all parties anew. He emerged from the rear avenue to the dwelling, and soon alighted before Balfour. He was a sergeant, and a pretty old one, dispatched by the captain of the guard to satisfy the doubts and inquiries of his superior. But his information was very meagre. It amounted only to this—that there had been an alarm; that the post had been apparently threatened on every side at different times; that bugles had been sounded, seemingly as signals, but that they had seen no human enemy, and had found nothing living within their circuit but themselves and a drove of milch cattle. Still, some of the men had reported the sound of horse's feet, as of a considerable party of mounted men; and, as they insisted upon the report, the captain had deemed it advisable to push the search in the direction which the enemy had been described as having pursued. This was all that he could say. He eyed our loyalist captain rather closely during the recital, and at length said—

"Was it you, sir, I met off here in the south, beating about the bushes?"

"I reckon it was, sergeant; and, if I hadn't been quick enough, your pistol-shot wouldn't have left me much chance of answering you now. 'Twas the narrowest escape I ever had."

"And why didn't you answer?"

"For the best of reasons. You asked for the word, and I knew nothing about it. But I'll take good care never to volunteer again when there's a surprise, without getting proper information beforehand."

The sergeant looked for a moment steadily at the captain of loyalists. He was a shrewd, keen, almost white-headed soldier, and the gaze of his light blue eye was fixed and penetrating, as if he referred to this scrutiny as a last test for resolving his doubts; but the appearance of Furness was singularly composed and *nonchalant*. He did not appear to regard himself as an object of watch, or doubt, or inquiry at all. The soldier seemed at length satisfied; and, touching his cap reverently, said to Balfour—

"It's all right, colonel?"

"Yes, sergeant, that will do. Remount, and hurry back to Captain McDowell. Tell him to discontinue this chase. He may only find himself in some cursed ambush. Let him return, and resume his station. We shall hear his full report in the daylight."

The sergeant bowed, and cantered off in a moment.

"It seems you had a narrow escape, Captain Furness," said Balfour, with more of respectful consideration in his manner than had usually marked his deportment when addressing the loyalist.

"Yes, indeed, colonel; a much narrower escape than a man bargains for at the hands of his friends."

"But it was all a mistake, captain."

"True; but it's a mighty small consolation, with a bullet through one's brains or body, to be told that the shot was meant for a very different person."

"Never mind, captain—a miss, as your own people say, is as good as a mile. It is something gained for you that we have had such excellent proof of your vigilance and courage in his majesty's cause. Future favors will heal past hurts."

He was yet speaking—all the parties standing grouped, at the southern or chief entrance of the building, and partly within the hall—usually called, in the south, the passage, generally as, in large dwelling-houses, running through the centre of the building—when the door in the rear was heard to creak upon its hinges. Cruden, who at this moment was within the passage, though near the southern entrance and the rest of the group, turned instantly, and beheld a female figure which had just entered. He could distinguish no features, since the only light within the apartment was afforded by an unsnuffed candle, which had been set down by his servant on the floor when hurrying from Balfour's chamber—the light used by the party without being a common lantern. At first, a vague remembrance of Balfour's ghost of the landgrave passed through Cruden's brain; but he was of an intellect too stolid to suffer him long to remain under the delusion of his fancies. He at once conjectured that this female must be Katharine Walton or her aunt; and, in either case, he associated her appearance, at this hour and under these circumstances, with the yet unaccounted for alarms of the night. His cupidity promptly suggested that the plate, which had been the object of his search already, was even now in course of hiding or removal; and, with this con-

jecture, his decision was as eager and his performance as impetuous as that of the young lover hurrying his virgin favorite to the altar. With a bound, scarcely consistent with the dignity of his official station and the massive dimensions of his person, he darted across the passage, and grappled the stranger by the wrist.

"Ho: there! the light—bring the light. Balfour, I fancy I have captured your ghost."

Our commissioner of confiscated estates did not perceive that, just behind his captive, and about to enter the door after her, was the sooty face of Bacchus. The darkness favored the escape of the negro, who, crouching quietly without, waited his opportunity to enter the hall unseen.

"What means this violence, Colonel Cruden?" was the calm inquiry made by Katharine Walton, in the most serene and gentle accents. Meanwhile, Balfour and our captain of loyalists had hastened to the group at the summons of the excited Cruden. It was with a difficult effort that Singleton could suppress his emotions, and subdue the feeling that prompted him to seize the commissioner by the throat and punish him for the brutal grasp which he had set upon the woman of his heart; but the peril of his situation compelled his forbearance, however unwilling, and stifled the passion working in his soul, however violent. But his hand more than once wrought as if working with his dagger; and, with clenched teeth, he found himself compelled repeatedly to turn away from the scene and pace the hall in an excitement which was scarcely to be repressed. Katharine Walton repeated her demand of her assailant, in accents, however, so firm and calm, as only to increase his indignation.

"What means this violence, madam, indeed? What means this uproar, this alarm, madam, at this unseasonable hour of the night? Why are you here, let me ask you, and habited as if for a journey? Look, it is clear she has been abroad—her bonnet and clothes are wet with the dew. Answer, Miss Walton—what has carried you out at this hour? Where have you been? What have you been doing? Speak—you do not answer."

"And if you were to subject my neck, sir, to a grasp as vice-like as that which you hold upon my wrist, you should receive no answer from my lips, unless at my perfect pleasure," was the reply of the maiden.

"Ha! do you defy me?"

"I scorn you, sir! Release me, sir, if you would not subject yourself to the scorn of all those who hear of this indignity."

Singleton could no longer avoid interposition; but he maintained the character which he had assumed. Coming forward, he said—

"That's right, colonel; I don't see why a woman shouldn't be made to speak out, in war-times, just the same as a man. I've seen the thing tried before. There was a woman up in our parts that hid her husband away, and Major Tatem burnt a hole in her tongue to make her speak. If you want help now,

colonel, just say the word, and I reckon that both of us together can bring this young woman to her senses."

Cruden turned fiercely upon the speaker, as he rather flung the maiden from his grasp than released her. The offer of help, in such a performance as that in which he was engaged, was a sufficient reflection—though apparently very innocently made—upon the brutality of the action.

"Your assistance will be asked when it is desired, sir," was the angry answer.

"O yes, I reckon; but, you see, I've been a sort of volunteer once already to-night, and I'm always ready to help his majesty's officers in time of trouble."

"Miss Walton," said Balfour, with a sort of severe courtesy, "you are aware that the circumstances in which you appear to-night are exceedingly suspicious."

"Certainly, sir; I am seen in full dress in my father's dwelling at midnight. Heretofore, sir, I have been accustomed to act my pleasure in this house. I am painfully reminded that I have other and less indulgent masters. It must not surprise you that I am slow to recognize or understand my new responsibilities."

"We are certainly in authority here, Miss Walton; but without any desire of subjecting you to any painful or personal restraint, or coercion."

"The bonds of your colleague, sir, are an excellent commentary upon your forbearance. I confess they afford me no grateful ideas of the liberty which I am to enjoy in future. But, as I have said, you are the masters here. Am I permitted to retire?"

"Certainly, Miss Walton; but you will not think me unreasonable, if, in the morning, I shall ask you for an explanation of present appearances. This —"

He was interrupted by an exclamation from Cruden's servant, at the southern entrance. All parties turned at the interruption.

"There seems to be a great fire, colonel," said the servant. "Look away yonder in the south."

Balfour and Cruden hastily joined him, and a smile of intelligence was interchanged between the maiden and her lover. In the mean time, Bacchus seized the opportunity quietly to make his way into the hall. The party at the entrance was soon overwhelmed with conflicting speculations as to the conflagration which now spread out magnificently before their eyes.

"The woods are on fire," said Cruden.

"No," was the reply of Balfour; "it is a house, rather. Miss Walton, pray oblige me—can you explain the nature of this fire?"

Katharine smiled playfully.

"I will give you no answer to any question, Colonel Balfour, to-night—if only to satisfy myself that the coercion under which I labor does not extend to my thoughts or speech. I presume that, with another day, there will be no mystery about any of the events of this night."

With these words, she disappeared. The oath of vexation was only half uttered on the lips of Balfour, when his eye caught sight of Bacchus, stretching forward curiously in the rear of the loyalist.

"Ha! fellow, is it you? You, at least, shall answer. Look, sirrah—what does that fire mean?"

"I reckon it's the rice-stacks, master, that's a burning."

"The rice-stacks!" exclaimed Cruden, in horror. "The rice-stacks! the whole crop of rice—a thousand barrels or more! What malignity! And could this young woman have been guilty of such a crime? Has she, in mere hatred to his majesty's cause, wantonly set fire to a most valuable property of her own?"

"Impossible!" replied Balfour. "There has been an enemy about us: this was his object. The alarm was a real one. But we must see if anything can be saved. Captain Furness, you have already given proof of your zeal to-night in his majesty's cause. May I beg your further assistance? We will sound our bugles, and call in our squad. Meanwhile, let us hasten to the spot. The stacks are generally separate: while one or more burn, we may save the rest?"

The idea was an absurd one, and proved sufficiently fruitless. The stacks were all on fire, and in great part consumed before the parties reached the spot. The hands that did the mischief left little to be done; and Cruden groaned in the agony of his spirit, at a loss of profits which almost made him forgetful of the missing plate. But day dawns while he surveys the spectacle; and the red flames, growing pale in the thickening light, play now only in fitful tongues and jets among the smouldering ashes of the ripened grain, gathered vainly from the sheaves of a bounteous harvest.

"We must have a thorough examination into this business," said Balfour, as he led the returning party to the dwelling.

## CHAPTER X.

What! lurked he then so near, and I not know?  
One's instincts still should counsel of the foe,  
Nor wait for vulgar evidence of sense!  
That he should tread about me as I slept,  
Mock at my sleep, and gird me! Oh! the shame!  
But I'll pursue with vengeance!—*The Old Hate.*

With the return to the dwelling, Balfour and Cruden resumed the search into the secrets of the household, which, we have seen, was begun, with doubtful results, during the previous night. The stores of wine proved satisfactory to the former; but the Flemish account, in most respects, which the exploration yielded, greatly increased the ill-humor of the latter. The plate was nowhere visible; and certain reports, made by the captain on duty, in respect to the affairs of the plantation, tended greatly to increase the gravity of both these persons. But we need not anticipate their own development

of the various causes of grievance. Enough to remark, in this place, that, when descending the stairs from the attic, where he had been to examine into the condition of the Madeira, and passing through the great passage which was the scene of the most striking part of their labors the previous night, the eye of Balfour was arrested by the pictures upon the wall, or rather by the vacant panels which appeared among them. To his consternation, the portraits of both the rebel colonel and of the ghostly landgravine, which he had equally devoted to the flames, had disappeared from their places.

"The devil!" he exclaimed to Cruden, pointing to the deficiency; "we must have been overheard last night."

"How should it have been otherwise?" was the surly answer. "These chambers are occupied by the women, and you spoke as if you meant that they should hear everything. With a knowledge of your purpose, they have defeated it; they have contrived to secrete the pictures."

"But I will contrive to find them!" was the angrily expressed resolution of Balfour. "They shall not baffle me. They cannot have carried them far, and they shall burn still. Prayers shall not save them."

"Let me counsel you first to send off the women to the city. Make no stir till you have got rid of them."

"You are right; but I shall take leave to examine them first, touching the events of last night."

"Say nothing of your own purposes while doing so," said Cruden. "We have probably already taught them quite too much. You might have burnt the portraits of the old woman and the rebel, without a word, but for that unnecessary threat last night."

"And would I have seen the portraits, or had any occasion to speak of them, but for your confounded impatience to look after the silver? In all probability, the occasion and the warning have been seized for carrying that away as well as the pictures."

"I am afraid it was gone long before. But that idea of burning the pictures might have taught these malignants what to do with the rice. But it is too late now for retort and recrimination; and here comes the captain of loyalists."

Furness came to the foot of the stairs and met them.

"The young lady tells me that breakfast is waiting for you, gentlemen."

"The young lady?" exclaimed Balfour, eyeing the partisan keenly. "So, you have been talking with her, eh?"

"Why, yes," replied the other, with a manner of rare simplicity. "I somehow began to feel as if I could eat a bit after the run, and hurry, and confusion of the night; so I pushed into the dining-room, looking out for the commissary. I met the young woman there, and had a little talk with her; and breakfast was just then beginning to make its appearance."

"What had she to say about this affair of last night?" demanded Cruden.

"Mighty little: she seems rather shy to speak.

But she don't look as if there had been any alarm. She's as cool as a cucumber, if not so green."

"You are a wit, Captain Furness," grimly remarked Cruden, as the three walked together into the breakfast-room.

Here they found the excellent aunt and her niece, evidently waiting for their uninvited guests. In the rigid and contracted features of the former, so different from their amiable expression of the previous evening, might be traced the counter influences produced upon her mind by what she had heard, during their midnight conference, of the irreverent allusions to herself of the commandant of Charleston. But the face of Katharine was as placid as if she had enjoyed the most peaceful and unbroken slumbers—as if there had been nothing to affect her repose, her peace of mind, or to annoy her with apprehensions either of the present or the future. Indeed, there was a buoyant something in her countenance and manner which declared for a feeling of exhilaration, if not of triumph, prevailing in her bosom. The breakfast-table exhibited the most ample cheer, and all was grace and neatness in the display. The ladies took their seats, after a brief salutation, and the guests immediately followed their example.

It was the purpose of Balfour to forbear all subjects of annoyance until after the repast; but he was not permitted to be thus forbearing. He had scarcely commenced eating, before the captain of the guard requested to see him at the entrance. Excusing himself, with some impatience, he went out; and returned, after a brief interval, with quite an inflamed countenance.

"Miss Walton," said he, "are you aware that all the negroes of your father have disappeared from the plantation?"

"I have heard so, sir," quietly replied the lady.

"Heard so, Miss Walton? And who could have presumed to carry them off without your permission?"

"No one, I fancy, sir, unless my father himself."

"Your father himself! What! do you know that he ordered their departure?"

"I presumed so, sir. They would hardly have gone unless he had done so."

"And whither have they gone?"

"Ah, now, sir, you demand much more than I can answer."

"And when did they leave the place?"

"Nor can I answer that, exactly. I have reason to think some hours before your arrival."

"You knew of our coming, then?"

"Not a syllable. My father may have done so; and I myself thought it not improbable."

"It was in anticipation of our visit, then, I am to understand, that you have conveyed away—your father, I mean—all the movable valuables of your plantation and household; your negroes, horses; your plate, silver, and—"

The maiden answered with a smile.

"Nay, sir, but your questions seem to lead to

odd suspicions of the purpose of your visit. How should we suppose that the presence of his majesty's officers should be hurtful to such possessions?"

"No evasion, Miss Walton, if you please," was the interruption of Cruden.

"It is not my habit, sir, to indulge in evasions of any sort. I rather comment on an inquiry than refuse to answer it. I note it as singular only, that his majesty's officers, high in rank and renowned in service, should suppose that their simple approach should naturally cause the riches of a dwelling to take wings and fly. In regard to ours, such as they are—our plate, money, and jewels—it gives me pleasure to inform you that they disappeared long before your presence was expected. My father, some time ago, adopted a very new and unusual sort of alchemy. He turned his gold and silver into baser metals—into iron and steel, out of which lances, and bayonets, and broadswords have been manufactured; and these have been circulating among his majesty's officers and soldiers quite as freely, if less gratefully, than if they had been gold and silver."

"Well," exclaimed the loyalist captain, with a rare abruptness, "if the young woman doesn't talk the most downright rebellion, I don't know what it is she means to say."

Balfour looked towards him with a ghastly smile, which had in it something of rebuke, however; and the risible muscles of the fair Katharine could scarcely be subdued as she listened to the downright language of her lover, and watched the countenance, expressive of the most admirable simplicity and astonishment, with which he accompanied his words. Balfour resumed:—

"My dear Miss Walton, you are a wit. His majesty's officers are indebted to you. But the business is quite too serious with us for jest, however amusing it may seem to you. We have too much at stake for fun——"

"And I have nothing at stake, sir, I suppose!" she abruptly replied, the moisture gathering in her eyes; a homestead overrun with a foreign soldiery; a family torn asunder, its privacy invaded, its slaves scattered in flight, and the head of the house in exile, and threatened with butchery. Oh, sir, I certainly have more reason for merriment than can be the case with you!"

"I did not mean that, my dear young lady. I did not mean to give you pain. But you must see that I am here as the agent of my sovereign, and sworn that nothing shall divert me from my duties. I am compelled, however unwillingly, to ask you those questions, as I must report on all the facts to my superiors. I beg that you will not hold me accountable for the simple performance of a duty which I dare not avoid."

"Proceed, sir, with your questions."

"I'll thank you, ma'am, for another cup of that coffee," said the captain of loyalists, pushing the cup over to the stately aunt.

"Miss Walton, do you know by whose orders the

rice-stacks were consumed last night, and who was the agent in the work?"

"I have reason to believe that my father ordered their destruction. Of the particular hand by which the torch was applied, I can tell you nothing."

"But you know?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"There were certain pictures removed from the walls of the gallery above stairs, during the night?"

"Which you had sentenced to the flames, sir?"

"You overheard us, Miss Walton."

"I did, and resolved that you should burn me as soon. I had them removed, sir. For this, I only am responsible."

"You had? Pray, Miss Walton, who was your agent in this business?"

"I answer you, sir, the more willingly, as I rejoice to believe that he is now entirely beyond your reach. Sir—Colonel Balfour—to spare you the necessity for further inquiries, let me assure you that the only person having any right to dispose of Colonel Walton's property, as has been done, was the very person who did exercise this right. It was by his act that our plate has disappeared, our negroes and horses withdrawn from the estate, the rice fired in the stack, and the pictures removed."

"You do not mean——"

"Yes, sir, I do mean that Colonel Walton himself had the rice fired last night; and it was by his direction, though at my entreaty, that the portraits were removed."

"But he did this through the hands of others. Miss Walton, you were abroad last night, in the very hour of confusion and alarm. I demand of you, as you hope for indulgence at the hands of his majesty, to declare what agent of your father did you see in the execution of these acts?"

"No agent, sir. I saw my father himself! To him the portraits were delivered, and under his eye were the torches applied to the rice-stacks."

Balfour and Cruden both bounded from their seats, the former nearly drawing the cloth, cups, and breakfast from the table. For a moment, he regarded the features of Katharine Walton with a glance of equal rage and astonishment. She, too, had risen; and her eyes met those of the commandant with a calm smile, seasoned with something of triumph and exultation. The loyalist captain, meanwhile, continued his somewhat protracted occupation of draining his coffee cup. "One stupid moment, motionless, stood" the British officer. In the next, Balfour cried aloud—

"Two hundred guineas for him who takes the rebel alive!"

With this cry, he rushed to the door of the house, where a sergeant was in waiting. Katharine almost crouched as she heard these words. She pressed her hand spasmodically to her heart, and an expression of keen agony passed over her face. It was but an instant, however. Cruden had followed Balfour to the door, and a single glance of intelligence between the maiden and her lover, served to re-

assure her. In the next instant, our partisan had joined Balfour in the courtyard.

"Colonel," said he, "if you're going to send out in pursuit of the rebel, I'm your man as a volunteer. I'd like to have the fingering of a couple of hundred of the real stuff as well as anything I know."

"Captain Furness, you will do honor to his majesty's service. I accept your offer."

In less than twenty minutes, the whole force of the British at the "Oaks" was in keen pursuit; the supposed captain of loyalists taking the lead, intrusted with a *quasi* command, and pursuing the chase with an eagerness which charmed all parties equally with his energy and zeal.

(To be continued.)

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## PLAYING MOTHER.

(See Plate.)

"It's just as you raise them," said Mr. Warner, in his dogmatic way. "I don't believe in a boy's taking to a hammer and a girl to a doll, from an instinct of nature. Girls are different because they are educated differently. There is no other law in the matter."

"My experience," said a lady, who made one of a little company numbering about half a dozen, and she spoke in a quiet way, "leads me to a different conclusion. Each sex has a use in society peculiarly its own; and, from the earliest childhood, impulses pointing thitherward may be seen. Gentle, tender, and loving are the uses of woman, and for these she is fitted by nature. Hardier, rougher, bolder is man, because he is designed for a different sphere of life. The boy takes the hammer, the whip, or any other plaything that is noisy, or calls for the exercise of strength and action; while the girl, as naturally, busies herself with her doll, or her cups and saucers."

"Simply," replied Mr. Warner, "because you provide a hammer and whip for the one, and a doll for the other."

"No," returned the lady, "the cause lies deeper than this. It is radical. How is it with your own little Anna? She is here to-day."

"She never had a doll in her life. I will not permit such a thing to come into my house. I wish to develop the strength, not the weakness of her character." And, as Mr. Warner spoke, he threw a glance upon his wife, which said, plainly enough, "This wouldn't be so, if you had your way."

"Oh!" remarked the lady, "then you are trying to warp her character to suit your own theory. You are not willing to let it develop naturally, and, as I would say, healthfully."

"I wish to give it a strong and healthy development."

"Then it must grow from inward elements. If you warp it, as you are certainly doing, you will weaken and deform, instead of producing beauty, health, and strength."

"So you think," said Mr. Warner, a little rudely. Opinionated men are very often rude to ladies.

"Yes, I think so," replied the lady, not seeming to notice the gentleman's manner.

"Where is your dear little girl?" asked one of the company, a little while after, addressing Mrs. Warner.

"She's playing about the garden. I saw her from the window a few minutes ago."

"It would be a pleasant experiment," said the lady with whom the child's father had held the controversy, "just to take a look after Anna, and see what she is doing. I'll warrant that the girl's instincts are predominant in her acts. You'll not find her dragging up the flowers, nor throwing stones at the birds, nor even digging in the dirt."

"You'll probably find her racing about with the boys," said the father.

"We'll see. Come!" And the lady started for the door. The company followed her out. Anna was not in the garden among the flowers, nor romping with the boys.

"Anna!" called the mother. They listened, and her sweet, young voice was heard faintly answering. Guided by the sound, she was soon discovered by those in search of her.

"What is she doing?" asked Mr. Warner, who did not at first see her distinctly.

"Playing mother!" replied the lady with whom he had held the controversy. And she spoke in a tone of triumph.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Warner

"See for yourself."

"The little witch!" exclaimed the father, affected with pleasure, in spite of himself, by what he saw.

Anna had found a cap, belonging to the lady at whose house they were visiting, and, with this drawn upon her head, was nursing a rabbit with the earnest fondness of a mother.

The ladies caught the happy child in their arms, and almost devoured her with kisses, while Mr. Warner escaped back into the house, to re-arrange his forces for a new battle on his favorite hobby.



PLAYING OUTDOOR.

Engraved by W. E. Tucker from an original picture loaned him by the owner in London.

Goldie's Lady's Book



## PREPARING FOR THE MAY PARTY.

BY JENNIE FORREST.

(See Plate.)

WE wonder if there are many ladies who, on arriving at the respectable age of eighteen or twenty, like to look back upon the reign of pantalottes and pinafores. Does the gay coquette ever pause in her brilliant path to trace step by step, from its first development, the passion for conquest in which she now indulges? We, to speak of personal reminiscence, can remember various occasions when the same traits of character were displayed among our young companions, that have since marked them as sincere or false, vain or the reverse.

Who knows but some bright eyes may light on this page that once danced with expectation of a May party at Elmwood? It was to be a grand affair, given by the grandmother of our school pet and plaything, Eloise Dale, who passed all her vacations at the great country-seat, which was the admiration of the neighborhood for miles around. We children had heard various rumors of the magnificence of those rarely opened drawing-rooms, the blue Turkey carpets, the curtains looped up with golden spears, the heavy mahogany chairs, with the crimson leather cushions, bound by glittering rows of brass-headed nails! There were pictures upon the walls of the ships Commodore Dale had commanded when he was but "captain," and a model of the "Constitution," carefully enclosed in a glass case, ornamented the mantel.

How we envied Eloise, who passed so much of her time in this lovely home; and with what horror we listened as she said—

"Pooh! anybody might go in her place, if they liked. It was as dismal as ever could be, with only grandamma and her stiff old servants."

But "grandamma" was wonderfully indulgent to the little fairy, and invitations to "a May party," in the grounds at Elmwood, of which Eloise, by general acclamation, was elected queen, set all hearts dancing with expectation and delight. We were received with all the consideration due to such distinguished guests, and even those grand drawing-rooms were placed at our disposal. Here we assembled, an hour before our parents—also invited—

were to arrive, that we might form a grand procession and go out to meet them; and here we were introduced to a lad whom Eloise had never seen, Dale Cuthbert, a young southerner, named for her grandpapa, who was to go into the navy as soon as he left school, and who was already manly beyond his years.

An instant change came over Miss Eloise. Up to this time, her smiles had been lavished upon Henry Wescott, a curly-haired, roguish little fellow we all set down as belonging to her especially. But what was he to this tall, graceful lad, who stood there so gallantly with the May pole, which was crowned by an American flag, as if he had already enlisted and was prepared to defend his colors to the last. Indeed, this strange ornament to an orthodox May pole had been his own device; and he showed us how it could be raised or lowered as necessity demanded. It was curious to watch Eloise. She slipped her crown on the head of serious Fanny Willis; and then, putting her finger up to her lip, stole round by the side of Henry, and stood directly in front of the new comer. All eagerness, all attention, all coquetry were manifest in her position and her glance. Poor Harry! his sun was set, for Dale was ensnared as completely as his elders and bidders have been by similar devices. He watched every movement of Eloise; he danced with her, sang the Star Spangled Banner for her, described the uniform he was so soon to wear, and grew eloquent as he spoke of naval victories of which he had read. And the little coquette listened, and smiled, and applauded, much to grandamma's satisfaction as she watched their growing intimacy, and to Harry's fierce displeasure when he found himself quite deserted by the lady of his choice.

That was a happy day! I wonder if Eloise Dale remembered it when, at Newport last summer, the gay belle was introduced to Lieutenant Cuthbert, of the good ship *Nautilus*, and left a band of lovers to despair and the polka, to walk a whole evening on the piazza of the hotel with the young officer. Were they talking of the moon and ocean music all that while?

## SIGNS OF GENTILITY.

### A BOARDING-HOUSE SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING," AND "BEFORE AND AFTER THE PARTY."

DINNER was over in the fashionable boarding-house of Miss Pickup. The company, lately occupied in the discussion of a very small cocoa-nut pudding, sundry *blancs-manges*, and the usual allowance of almonds and raisins, folded their respective napkins, and rose from the table.

"I wish my purchases would come," said the pretty bride Mrs. Hopkins, as she leaned over her husband's chair. She had followed the gentlemen to the back piazza, where they were lolling on cane-bottomed chairs and puffing at costly Havanas. Young Mr. Thompson usually kept them in cigars; he had a brother in the West India trade, who supplied him plentifully. "Thompson was such a good fellow!" said his friends. "As generous as a prince! They never minded accepting favors from Thompson; he always seemed so grateful to you for *using* him." A reputation for amability cost the unfortunate youth several hundred dollars annually; but every one must have some hobby, the keeping of which proves expensive.

"I wish Stewart sent out things earlier," continued Mrs. Hopkins; "I so want to show you some loves of cambric handkerchiefs I purchased there this morning."

"You extravagant little woman!" returned her husband, laughingly; "you'll ruin me yet. What else did you throw away money on this morning?"

"Why, nothing but some gloves. White gloves so easily, I was reduced to one pair."

"Then why did you not bring them home yourself, and be done with it, if you wanted them so much?"

"Bring a bundle through Broadway!" and Mrs. Hopkins clasped her delicate white hands, and gave an appealing look, as much as to say—"Can I believe my own senses? Can it be possible the man is in his right mind?"

Mrs. Jones, who also had a husband to look after, beckoned her sister, Miss Smith, to follow them. Thompson was suspected of having a secret attachment to this young lady, and she had been *dying* to get where he was again. Miss Smith came tripping gracefully forward; and, noticing Mr. Hopkins's look of consternation, hurriedly asked "what *had* happened."

"I inquired why Matilda did not bring home her purchases from Stewart's this morning—a package almost the size of a small book. She seems to be surprised at it," replied Mr. Hopkins.

"But who ever heard of such a thing!"

"Who, *indeed*!" echoed Mrs. Jones, who had

once been a milliner's girl, and many a time had carried handboxes through the Bowery. Mr. Jones remembered the time well. He was then head clerk in a large grocery store, and was attracted by her pretty face as she passed daily to her work. He married her, and they had prospered. He was now in an excellent wholesale business on the wharves, and they boarded in — Square, the other side of the city from their earlier associations. Mrs. Jones would have fainted at a discovery of what she had been; but, fortunately, the Bowery was too remote from — Square for rumor to reach so far; and she took excellent care that "the places which once knew her" should be blessed with her presence as seldom as possible.

"The idea," said Miss Smith, "of any *lady* bringing home her shopping!"

"What else have store boys to do?" responded Mrs. Jones.

"But such a small package!" remonstrated Mr. Hopkins.

"Done up in brown paper, I dare say," continued Mrs. Jones. "It isn't the *size* we look at so much."

"No, certainly not," said her sister.

"Now, Arthur"—(Mrs. Hopkins was very fond of her husband's first name)—"now, Arthur, you *wouldn't* want *your* wife to demean herself by carrying a bundle through the streets, like any—milliner's girl?"

Mrs. Jones winced. Mrs. Hopkins put her hand on her husband's shoulder and looked appealingly into his face, with her large, brown, beautiful eyes. What man with human feelings *could* resist such a look!

"I still protest, my dear Matilda, that I do not see the slightest objection to your doing so," answered her husband, sturdily. "In fact, if I am not very much mistaken, I met you, not later than yesterday, near the Art Union, with a package in your hand."

"Oh, that was music. One can bring home *music*, you know."

"Yes," said Miss Smith; "a roll of music looks so perfectly *gentel*. It announces that you can not only play, but can also afford to get all the novelties as they appear."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Thompson.

Miss Smith was the vocalist of No. 20 — Square. She *had* all the new music, it is true; but it was usually paid for by Thompson, or his friend and room-mate, Mr. Cross. So sure as they joined

Miss Smith on Broadway, she happened to remember an errand at Firth & Hall's, or Jacques & Brother's music saloon. Of course, the gallantry of Messrs. Cross and Thompson would not allow the lady to pay for the trifles, particularly as it was so often discovered that she had forgotten her purse ("how careless of her!") when the selections were rolled up. She thanked them with her sweetest smile; she played every bar of it for them in her peculiar style. Thompson declared in confidence to Cross, that Laborde and Truffi were nothing to Miss Smith, so far as execution was concerned.

These gentlemen also felt in duty bound that Miss Smith should visit the opera, as often as she "longed to hear Benedetti again," or Laborde, now that she had returned from Philadelphia. Mrs. Jones must, of course, be asked to chaperon her sister, and was so very good as never to disappoint them by having other engagements; while Mr. Jones, excellent fellow! stayed at home and solaced himself with a few fine cigars (Thompson's cigars) and a glass of brandy and water. Cross had the best brandy his fellow-boarders had ever tasted. He got it at wholesale prices from his cousin, of the firm of Schroder & Co., importers.

But to return to the back piazza controversy. Mrs. Hopkins, upheld by Mrs. Jones and Miss Smith, maintained her ground stoutly. "What was to distinguish them from any vulgar people, from"—the Bowery, she was going to say, but she had objections best known to herself to alluding to that part of the city when it could be avoided, so she supplied "Greenwich Street," to be as far from the dangerous secret as possible. No, bundles were not to be carried by those who were not ashamed to give their address to a fashionable shopboy. Otherwise, out of two evils, that which might be considered least was to be chosen.

Just then, Mrs. Hopkins directed the attention of the group to a plainly-dressed lady on the other side of the way. No. 20 being a corner house, the piazza blinds commanded a view of ——— Place also.

"There goes Mrs. Howland," said she. "What a lovely bonnet she has on, though she always dresses so plainly! Still you can see it is of the very best materials."

"I don't know what it is about her," said Mr. Hopkins, warmly, "but she always looks to me like an angel, or real lady, I mean—quite as scarce an article, nowadays. And yet one never is struck by what she has on. I declare, Matilda, if she is not carrying a parcel! Look. Yes, a *parcel*, Mrs. Jones, and not a roll of music, or a paper of pins, either. Much more like yards of table-linen or flannel, from its size and shape."

The female part of the conclave on the piazza of No. 20 were struck dumb. There was no appeal from so visible a fact. Mrs. Howland, the great lady of ——— Square, who need not set foot on the pavement except to cross it to her carriage; who had servants enough for a small hotel, and was acknowledged to be a leader in "the innermost"—

Mrs. Howland was actually walking when she could as well ride, and carrying a brown paper parcel!

Mrs. Hopkins looked at Mrs. Jones as if for explanation of this singular phenomenon. Her husband's air of triumph was most provokingly felt by all of them. Not one had ever hesitated to acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Howland. Mrs. Jones would have given half their income to be invited to one of her parties; and because she could not get it, amused herself by sneering at those who did. She had, however, laid assiduous court to Mr. Newbold, the only gentleman in the house who visited Mrs. Howland, and dispensed to her friends innumerable bits of gossip—which he had accidentally furnished her with—as fresh from her own experience and observation. Miss Smith was most enthusiastic in her admiration of their neighbor's household, from the baby tossed up and down before the nursery windows, to the servant lad, who *did not* wear a livery. This last, Miss Smith considered a great want of taste.

Mrs. Hopkins shared in the general "hero-worship," and modeled her dress upon the Howland pattern. This accounts, in some measure, for the exceedingly good taste usually visible in her toilet; though, to do the little lady justice, she was not wanting in this particular. On the contrary, the great lady's dress was the only thing which Mrs. Jones and sister did not approve of. They took care to show this by the deep flounces, fine feathers, and glittering silks in which they were arrayed.

And now, Mrs. Howland, whom they all quoted, had actually been seen to enter her elegant mansion carrying a bundle!

Mr. Newbold had hitherto listened to the discussion in silence, partly because it amused him, and partly that he was a reserved, gentlemanly man, who did not choose to intrude his opinion; but now he came forward, and declared that it was by no means a solitary instance. Mrs. Howland often walked down town without her carriage, and returned bringing her own purchases when they were not too large. "I remember meeting her myself, one morning"—(Mr. Hopkins gave him a grateful look as he proceeded)—"near the corner of Bleeker Street, and offering to take a package from her. 'No,' said she, 'I would not trust it even to you. It's a shade for Mr. Howland's study lamp; and, if you were to break it, I have no time to go back for another.' I asked her why she had not ordered it sent home. 'Shopboys might be as careless as some other people,' was her answer; 'and, besides, they have enough to do running for people who are too grand to wait on themselves. One of these persons amused me very much this morning while I was selecting this shade. She purchased a shilling china figure, a very common affair, and small, as you may suppose; then, with the most matter-of-course air, asked to have it sent home a mile or so!' It's an actual fact, though you may think it improbable; so you need not smile, Mrs. Jones."

Alas! the troubled smile expressed anything rather than a doubt of Mrs. Howland's veracity; she was well aware of the truth. She knew that the very china figure in question ornamented the play-house of her niece Amanda Jones, and that it was none other than herself who had ministered to the amusement of their exclusive neighbor. How could she be expected to know who that woman in a drab Highland shawl and plain straw bonnet was, standing with her back to them too! She wondered if Mr. Newbold knew all the while that it was her, and had told the story purposely. But no; one glance at that quiet, serene face put such an idea to rest. At all that, Mrs. Jones grew decidedly uncomfortable.

"For my part," added Mr. Newbold, "I am decidedly of the opinion that Mr. Hopkins has expressed, and Mrs. Howland carries constantly into practice. No real lady should be above making herself useful in this world, where there is so much for all to do. Mrs. Howland would not keep half the establishment she has, but to please her husband, who is somewhat fond of ostentation. I have often heard her say that, if it does no other harm, it is setting a bad example to those whose incomes will not afford it, and who nevertheless rush into the same expenditure. Carrying a bundle may be of very little importance in itself; but it is an example of the helplessness to which some of our ladies see fit to reduce themselves, for the sake of appearing able to afford anything. When a parcel is not so large as to inconvenience one, I should think it would be preferable to bring it one's self, and thus be secure against mistakes and delays."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Hopkins's purchases from Stewart's. The little wife blushed as it was handed to her, neatly tied up in fine wrapping-paper, and no larger than a small volume. Mr. Newbold smiled good-naturedly, begged pardon of the ladies for having given them such a formidable impromptu lecture, and walked away.

"Bah! what a pity he hadn't been a clergyman!" said Mr. Thompson, contemptuously. He could not bear to see Miss Smith looking so "cut down" as she did for an instant, and "pshawed" at Mr. Newbold as the cause of her discomposure.

Mrs. Hopkins and her husband went to their own room to inspect the handkerchiefs; but when there, she did not seem inclined to display them. She "fussed" with the string some time as she stood with her back to her husband at the window. Mr. Hopkins came forward, and offered his services. What was his surprise to find tears slowly falling from her beautiful brown eyes! No wonder that she could not see to untie the knot.

"Ah, Arthur," said she, "how very foolish you must think me! Indeed, indeed, I never thought about it at all before."

Her husband pressed the sobbing little wife to his heart. "I know it; you are only thoughtless, my

love. Do rely upon your own good sense for the future, and not be led by these silly women."

So the lady was comforted; and ever, as she used those cambric handkerchiefs, the lesson of their purchase was brought to her mind. The very next day, she bought some cravats for her husband, brought them home triumphantly, and hemmed them too. Miss Smith, who had an elegant gold thimble which she never used, thought this looked very like being "governed by one's husband," and resolved more heartily than ever that she would never be guilty of like submission. The Jones faction sent home more minute parcels than ever.

It may not be uninteresting to add that Mrs. Hopkins was ultimately invited to Mrs. Howland's parties, and how the acquaintance was brought about.

The two ladies were making purchases at the same counter one fine spring morning. Mrs. Howland had completed hers first, and was attracted from the change she was counting, by hearing a very sweet voice say, "Thank you, but I prefer to take it with me." Surprised to hear a refusal to the offer of sending home a somewhat cumbersome package from one so elegantly dressed as our little friend, Mrs. Howland noticed that they took the same direction on leaving the shop. She saw Mrs. Hopkins ascend the steps of No. 20. That evening, she asked Mr. Newbold who her pretty neighbor was. To her amusement, a history of the discussion you have recorded, and its consequences, was related to her. She had taken a fancy to Mrs. Hopkins, and this was confirmed by Mr. Newbold's warm encomiums. He had liked her better from the very day of Stewart's parcel. Not long after, the ladies met at a party. The surprise and delight of Mrs. Hopkins can scarcely be expressed, when the great lady of ——— Square not only asked an introduction, but conversed a long time with her.

A few days after, Mrs. Howland's card was sent up to Mrs. Arthur Hopkins. She could hardly believe her own eyes; neither could Mrs. Jones, who had stopped the servant upon the stairs to see who the visitor was.

Afterwards, when the story came out—Mrs. Hopkins was often at Mrs. Howland's now—Mrs. Jones curled her thin lips very contemptuously; but, for all that, she would have made any sacrifice to stand in her place. Miss Smith—now Mrs. Thompson—was observed for some time to frequently pass Mrs. Howland's house with most ostentatious bundles; but, as it did no good—the lady never seeming to be aware of the existence of Mrs. T.—she gave it up, and joined with her sister in sneers and innuendoes at "toadies" and "humble followers."

We *did* commence with a moral in view, notwithstanding our devious course; and, if you can discover it, dear ladies, through its somewhat fantastic drapery, why, then—particularly if you act upon it—

"I have not wasted all my time,  
But said a word in season."

## THE CASTLE OF THE VIRGINS.\*

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MARY THOMPSON.

### I.

UPON a lovely evening in July, by one of those glorious sunsets so frequently to be met with at sea, Master Black, master-at-arms on board the sloop-of-war Claymore, was relating his wonderful adventures and escapes to a group of his messmates seated around him, when he was interrupted by the cry of "Land!—land!—the Highlands of Scotland!" from the watch placed aloft.

Black hastily drew a spyglass from his pocket, and looked in the direction indicated by the youngster.

"Well, master," cried the sailors, "is it so? Has he spoken truth?"

"Yes—yes, my lads," replied the veteran; "there it is, yonder to leeward, like a dark cloud; and he"—

"Highlands of Scotland!—Highlands of Scotland!" again shouted the watch.

"Yes, by my faith, the stripling has good eyes," continued the old sailor; "there is the *Giant's Peak*, indeed, as our Highlanders call it: to-morrow we shall reach Edinburgh. Now, messmates," he added, "one cheer in honor of old Scotland."

Cheers and hurrahs followed this speech. The sloop herself, with her white swelling sails sparkling in the last rays of the setting sun, appeared as if saluting the land of her birth as her beautiful head rose and fell, while she gracefully made her way through the parting waters.

Soon the shades of night overspread the horizon; echo no longer repeated, "Highlands of Scotland;" those cherished hills, whose appearance had so gladdened the hearts of the brave mariners, were no longer visible. All was silent and calm around.

### II.

HALF reclining upon the quarter deck, young Arthur Macdonald, the commander of the Claymore, remained alone; he had not participated in the general joy; to him the sight of land brought no cheering reminiscences, it rather made him sad; for well he knew that no fond mother, gentle sister, or beloved companion watched for his return with anxious hearts. No; he was an orphan, alone in the world.

The possessor of a noble name and a princely fortune, Lord Macdonald might have sought an alliance with the noblest in the land; but, during the

short time that he had lived at court, he had been disgusted with the deceit and selfishness he had witnessed. He fled from the gay world to his beloved ship, preferring to study the wonders of nature on the bosom of the ocean, as they were revealed to him in the roaring tempest, the murmurs of the wind, the clear vault of heaven when bespangled with innumerable stars, or the voice of the thunder and flashing of the lightning.

It was therefore with regret that Arthur found himself near the termination of his cruise. He had not moved from his reclining posture, when, towards the middle of the night, he was surprised to feel an irregular motion in his ship. He started, reflected for an instant, then stretched forth his hand to the wind, and, looking round, beheld in his rear a mass of dark, heavy clouds, like so many spectres, ready to rush upon the sloop.

The captain instantly arose, and seizing his speaking-trumpet, shouted—

"All hands on deck!—each to his post, and keep a good look out!" Then, after having ordered the foretopsail to be close reefed, to lower all sail and lay to the wind, he walked to the fore part of the ship.

In the course of a quarter of an hour, the darkness was so great that custom alone guided the sailors in the performance of their duties; the sea roared, the wind howled horribly, the waves rose and followed each other with frightful rapidity; a low rumbling sound approached, borne upon the mountains of foam, and, almost at the same instant, a terrible explosion succeeded. It was the gale which burst with fury upon the devoted ship, plunging her into the abyss, again lifting her above the billows, and tossing her from side to side like some monster sporting with his prey before devouring it. In the midst of the noise of the hurricane, the cracking of the trembling masts, and the flapping of the yards, the voice of the captain sounded loud and clear.

"Are all sails furled?" he inquired of the officer of the watch.

"We have not a thread of canvas loose," he replied.

"From what quarter does the wind blow?"

"It continues from east to west."

"Yes," said a sailor, "the rogues above there are at war, and I believe they have chosen the deck of the Claymore to fight their battles on."

"By my faith," said another, "we can see no more than if we were in the grave. We are knocked about in such a manner, that I engage Satan himself does not know where we are."

\* The *Mayden Castle*, the *Virginal Castle*, or the *Castle of the Virgins*, situated near Edinburgh, is so named, because in ancient times the kings of the Picts shut up their daughters there.

"Silence!" cried Arthur, who imagined he saw a light in the distance.

Suddenly, a flash shot through the sky, and a cry of agony escaped from his lips—

"The Castle of the Virgins! We are under the Castle of the Virgins!" he repeated. "Up with the helm! tack the foreail!—haste, my lads, haste! there is not a moment to lose!"

The orders were scarcely given when they were obeyed. The sloop changed her course; and they distinctly heard the dashing of the spray against the rocks upon which the castle stood.

The danger overcome, the captain pointed out to his sailors, above the spot they had so fortunately escaped, a faint light, which appeared as if suspended from the sky. While the gale lasted, they took little notice of this miraculous beacon; but when the winds had ceased their struggle, when the clouds had dispersed, and the moon again shed forth her silvery light, each asked if it were not a vision. As to Arthur, he was bewildered; he had seen the flash with his own eyes, and he could not doubt but that it had been sent by some watchful hand, to which he owed the preservation of the Claymore and her crew.

At the dawn of day, he passed in sight of the Castle of the Virgins, near those same rocks upon which he had so nearly perished. He looked for a long time at the tower and scattered ruins through his glass, but, perceiving nothing that could enlighten him upon the occurrence of the night, he went on his way.

### III.

At two o'clock the following morning, the Claymore anchored in the harbor of Edinburgh. Arthur immediately ordered his barge to be manned, and went on shore.

The young lord had scarcely entered his house, and received the congratulations of the old and faithful servants of his family upon his safe return, when he ordered his horse, in order that he might visit the Castle of the Virgins. On his arrival at the little village at the foot of the hill on which the castle was built, he alighted to make some inquiries. The first house which he saw was situated at the entrance of the principal street, and inhabited by tailor Hompson, as was made known to the passers-by by a large sign in front: he entered there, without noticing a young girl who was seated at work in the shop.

"Master?" he said.

"What does your lordship wish for?" replied a little man with a good-humored countenance. "Do you want a coat, a cloak, or an embroidered vest? I can serve you as well, and perhaps better, than the first tailor in Edinburgh."

"I do not doubt it. But tell me, is the Castle of the Virgins inhabited?"

"There is no one there. Will you allow me to take your measure?"

"What! no one? Is there not a steward, or some hermit, that occupies the ruins?"

"Formerly, in the time of the Picts, there was a flock of young virgins, and probably a saintly pastor to watch over them; but now—I will show you the last coat I made for the constable."

"It is useless."

"As you please."

"Do you know any one who can give me particular information respecting the Castle of the Virgins?"

"Well, well," said Master Hompson, "your lordship, I find, does not require my services; so we will say no more about it. Now tell me, what do you desire?"

"I have told you."

"I know—I know. Something about the old building we see above there."

"Precisely."

"Will your lordship attend to me?"

"I am listening."

"I tell you, then, that the castle is now only a heap of ruins; that strangers do not ever now come to explore;—I declare, we never see a soul passing that way—do we, Anna?" added the tailor, turning to the young workwoman, who made a gesture in the affirmative.

For the first time, Arthur perceived the person to whom Hompson addressed that question. He remained motionless with surprise and admiration.

"I congratulate you, Master Hompson," he said; "you have certainly the most beautiful daughter in the United Kingdom."

"My daughter! She is not my child."

"So much the worse for you; for the father of such an angel ought to be a happy man."

"Yes, he is so, I hope, in another world."

"How?"

"Please, your lordship, she is an orphan: she has neither father nor mother."

"An orphan!" exclaimed Arthur. "An orphan! Poor child!"

Anna looked up at the young lord, her eyes bathed in tears, as if to thank him for his sympathy, and then continued her work.

"Besides," said Hompson, "to say the truth, she is industrious and amiable; and she works for me because she has no other means of procuring a living."

"Come to Edinburgh to-morrow," said Arthur, "and I will give you work for some time."

"Will your lordship give me your address?"

"Lord Arthur Macdonald: any one will show you my house."

"Lord Macdonald!" cried Hompson, a little disconcerted.

"Myself."

"And you have done me the honor to tell me, my lord, that you will condescend!"—

"To give you the custom of my house. Does not that suit you?"

"Quite the contrary, my lord. It suits me so well, that I was apprehensive that I had misunderstood you. Come, my good little Anna," he added,

"bring my memoirandum-book, and enter the name of Lord Macdonald."

"Allow me to save you the trouble," said Arthur, taking the pen from Anna's trembling hand; then, after looking at the interesting girl for an instant, he entered his name and withdrew from the house.

#### IV.

ABSENT and thoughtful, the commander of the Claymore slowly ascended the hill, visited the ruins, and soon found himself, without minding where he was going, within a hundred feet of the tailor's shop. He had seen nothing on the way—the form of Anna was constantly between him and the objects which he had come to examine. The grateful look she had given him for one word, one single word of sympathy, he saw it everywhere with its inoffensible sweetness. He saw it now again; she was seated in the same place, and he remained standing before the shop filled with admiration and pity. She looked up, and their eyes met; she blushed, but took no farther notice of him.

In the evening, Arthur recollected the motive which had urged him to visit the Castle of the Virgins; he reproached himself for having so badly accomplished his design, and resolved to fulfill his intentions before the next day, without stopping at the village. That he might be enabled better to do so, he went to the tavern of the Three Anchors, certain that he should there meet the brave tars, companions of his cruise, who, like him, owed the preservation of their lives to the mysterious light which had appeared on the coast.

They were indeed there, with several of their countrymen. They were conversing upon the events of the previous night. Every one had something to say. One declared that it was a miracle in favor of the Claymore; another a spark of electricity. This one pretended that, during a storm, lights were sometimes seen rising from the land; some protested that it was no such thing. Various were the conjectures upon the subject; stories of ghosts were related, that made the hair of some stand on end, and they would probably have proceeded to resuscitate all the virgins who had formerly inhabited the castle, had not a Highlander spoke, and assured them that every night a female dressed in white walked, with a lantern in her hand, upon the battlements of the tower; that he had seen her several times himself, as well as many of the inhabitants of the mountains; and that, if it were not for the terror with which she inspired every one, they would have approached her more nearly. At this instant, an old fisherman entered, who confirmed the assertions of the last speaker.

The striking of the curfew-bell interrupted the conversation, and all these brave men retired to their homes. Lord Macdonald did not follow their example. With a mind occupied with all that he had heard, he directed his steps towards the mountain; and, in the course of two hours, even those with whom he had been in company, might have

taken him for a spectre wandering among the ruins. After traversing the environs of the castle without making any discoveries, Lord Macdonald seated himself upon a fragment of a rock, from whence he had a full view of the sea. There he remained, with his eyes bent upon the spot where the Claymore would inevitably have been lost the night before, but for the interposition of an overruling Providence. He recalled to mind all that he had heard of the spectre that every night visited the solitary ruins, when he was roused by a noise like the rustling of a dress. He looked up, and beheld a white figure gliding along by the damp walls of the old enclosure.

To rise and pursue this singular apparition was, for Arthur, but the work of an instant. He had already approached, already distinguished a human form, when she suddenly disappeared. Surprised beyond expression, but certain, however, that he was not the sport of imagination, sure that he had seen some one, and more desirous than ever to unravel the mystery, the young man hid himself behind one of the angles of the tower which overlooked the waters, and kept perfectly still. He had scarcely placed himself there, when a young woman, covered with a long, white veil, appeared on the summit of the tower. At first, she stood motionless as a statue; she then untied her sash and waved it over her head, kissed her hand several times towards the waves, as if to bid them adieu, then vanished again.

Arthur shuddered. As long as he doubted the truth of the tales repeated at the Three Anchors, he was firm and courageous; but now that he found there was no exaggeration, his resolution wavered, his courage failed him, and, in spite of himself, he was seized with such a feeling of terror, that he remained, as it were, glued to the wall. Soon the veiled female passed so near to him that she almost touched him. He allowed her to do so without an effort to seize her, but he watched her movements. She did not leave the ruins; but, having reached the base of a little eminence, she knelt in prayer before a large stone.

Then, Arthur, ashamed of his weakness, quitted his hiding-place and silently approached her; but, just as he was on the point of showing himself, he was restrained by a sentiment of respect and alarm. Oh! it is because there, near to him, there is neither fairy, nor spirit, nor one of those supernatural beings that exist in the superstitious imaginations of the Highlanders, but a woman, a young and lovely woman, who, with her head bowed, her bosom slightly heaving, prays with all the fervor of a saint. He remained transfixed, not daring to breathe, for fear of disturbing her.

Suddenly, she raised her head, threw back her veil, and disclosed the features of the workwoman at Master Hompson's.

"Anna!" he exclaimed.

Astonished, bewildered, and alarmed, the young girl would have fled. He prevented her.

"Oh! remain, and do not fear," he said, in a voice that betrayed his emotion.

"You here?" replied Anna, still trembling at the unexpected apparition of Arthur; "you at the Castle of the Virgins—at this hour?"

"A secret influence has drawn me here, since we are reunited; but, tell me, what powerful motive can have induced thee to visit this solitary place alone?"

"I will tell you, my lord, and afterwards you will take pity upon me—will you not?—and leave me to the accomplishment of a sacred duty."

"A duty! My God, what can it be?"

"That of praying upon the grave of my mother."

"Thy mother is there, dost thou say, beneath that stone? Oh! come, maiden, come; we will pray together."

"You, my lord, you—will you kneel by this tomb? Now, I have no fear."

Arthur continued silent for a few moments, in order to regain his composure; then taking her hands between his own, he said, in a gentle and affectionate tone of voice—

"Listen, Anna; I am one of those who firmly believe in the decrees of Providence. I went to Master Hompson's this morning; I came here to-night. I have been conducted by the Almighty to thee, to be thy protector, thy friend, thy brother. Hast thou the same belief?"

"My lord!"

"Oh no, I see thou hast not; if thou hadst, thou wouldst have confided thy sorrows to me—thou wouldst have told me who thou art."

"Master Hompson told you, my lord; I am an orphan. A dreadful event deprived me on the same day of both father and mother."

"Poor unfortunate, ours is a common destiny, for I am also an orphan. Oh, speak, tell me all; I will listen to thee with a heart to sympathize, and eyes to weep over thy tale of woe."

"My father," said Anna, in a mournful voice, "was a ship-owner in Edinburgh. A year ago he returned from the cape, with all his fortune on board his vessel; it was his last voyage. My mother and myself came to the Castle of the Virgins to watch for his ship. Already we could see it. We made signals, and pointed to the harbor; and waited to see him enter it. Vain expectation. The wind rose, and compelled him to put back to sea. Night set in, and with it a frightful tempest. In spite of it, we remained at the castle in the hope of seeing my father's ship early in the morning. Alas! we saw but the remains of it. Driven upon this fatal coast, in the darkness of the night, it had there been dashed to pieces. My mother, pale, distracted, watched, with a look of despair, the scattered planks as they were washed ashore by the waves, when a corpse was dashed against the rocks. At the sight of it, we uttered a cry and sank upon our knees, our faces hid in each other's bosom; for that corpse, my lord—we had recognized it—was the body of my father! As to me, unfortunate child, I endeavored to stifle my own grief, that I might con-

sole my mother. I spoke to her; I called upon her name—"Mother, dear mother, answer me!" I said. I raised her head; she was lifeless. I placed my hand upon her heart; it no longer beat. Oh, my lord, my mother—she was dead—dead in my arms!"

"And thou, unhappy child—what became of thee?" said Arthur, after a long silence.

"Alas!" continued the young girl, weeping bitterly, "I cried for help, for mercy. No one replied, and I fell down insensible by the side of my mother. Two days afterwards, I learned from Master Hompson that I had been carried to his house by some peasants from the mountains, who had performed the last sad duties to her of whom death had so cruelly deprived me. It is there she reposes, my lord; there she has heard me take a vow that I shall have the courage to accomplish, while a drop of blood remains in my veins, that of coming every night to pray upon her grave; and, when the wind blows, the tempest howls, to place a lantern upon the summit of the tower, to warn, if it be possible, our brave sailors from approaching those rocks."

When he heard these words, the captain of the Claymore longed to embrace Anna, to call her his guardian angel; but he restrained himself.

"Yesterday," she continued, "I imagined I heard the sailing of a ship through the water; and, as the night was so dark, for fear that my little light might not be seen, I set fire to my veil."

"And the ashes! the ashes! where are they?" exclaimed Arthur, unable to control his emotion. "The wind has borne them away, has it not? I will pay for them with my whole fortune. Listen, maiden. One hundred and fifty brave men owe their lives to thy generous courage, thy touching filial piety. Say, what is there upon earth that can repay thee? Speak—it shall be thine."

"What do you say? Is it possible, my God, that, by the burning of a veil, I have succeeded in saving a vessel and her crew?"

"That ship, which, but for thee, would have been shattered upon the rocks, like that of thy father's, is mine. The sailors are mine. Dost thou now comprehend wherefore I came to-night to the Castle of the Virgins?"

"What, my lord, can it be so?"

"Anna, my fortune is at thy disposal. What can I do for thee? What dost thou desire?"

"If you suppose that you are indebted to me, my lord, do not think of me. There are widows and orphans from whom the sea has taken their all; seek them out, relieve their wants; I shall be happy."

"Cannot we seek for them together, and together relieve them? Say, Anna?"

"My lord!"

"Daughter of a sailor, wilt thou refuse to unite thy destiny to that of a sailor who loves thee devotedly, and who, upon his knees, implores thee to accept all that thou hast so courageously preserved? Anna, my heart, my name, my life is thine!"

"You forget, my lord, that I am only a poor girl."

"Thou art an angel. Before I met with thee



among these ruins, I loved thee. Judge, then, if I must now adore her to whom I owe my life. Anna, I love thee; oh! I love thee with my whole heart."

"Enough, my lord; I cannot be yours."

"What dost thou say?"

"No, no; it is impossible!"

"Impossible! Oh, thou canst not love me."

"There is an impassable barrier between us," said Anna, with an emotion she endeavored to subdue.

"In the name of Heaven, explain thyself."

"I have taken a vow to consecrate my days to the preservation of mariners from the dangers of this coast. This vow is more sacred to me than ever, since it has been the means of saving your life. I will not break it."

"This vow is without power, without value, if thou art mine."

"But, to be yours, must I not, at the foot of the altar, take also a vow, pronounce a solemn oath?"

"Well?"

"I cannot do it unless I perjure myself."

"Thou wilt then drive me to despair."

"I have pronounced a solemn vow, my friend, over the grave of my mother, from which no person can absolve me."

"Except myself, who will relieve thee from it to-morrow," cried Arthur, as if inspired with a sudden thought. "Yes, Anna, if God has endued thee with the holy inclination to devote thy life to the relief of the unfortunate who may be driven towards these shores, he has bestowed upon me the means of restoring thee to happiness. Farewell, then, Anna, until to-morrow."

"But what are your intentions?"

"Thou shalt know to-morrow. Adieu."

And the young man disappeared.

Anna passed the remainder of the night in prayer at her mother's grave.

## VI.

The next evening, as the moon arose clear and bright, the commander of the *Claymore*, followed by all his crew, stopped before the house of the tailor Hompson, and found the young orphan at work in the shop.

"Anna," he said to her, "the contract into which we both entered is inscribed upon thy mother's tomb; it cannot be annulled. On the contrary, it perpetuates the touching promise to which I and all these brave men owe our lives. Come and read it; thou shalt judge for thyself."

The gentle girl, surrounded by the sailors of the *Claymore*, was conducted to the Castle of the Virgins, to the little eminence, at the foot of which reposed her mother's remains.

There an immense cross had been erected, surmounted by a light which illumined the whole coast. At this sight, Anna stooped over the tomb, and read, with a trembling voice—

"Here reposes the wife of an unfortunate mariner. *May this light, elevated above her grave, always guard the sailor from the dangers of the storm: it is the vow of her daughter, Lady Anna Macdonald.*"

"Macdonald—it is my name," said Arthur. "Must it be erased?"

"Oh, no!" cried the young girl, as she gave him her hand; "thine, thine, now and for ever."

## THE NIEBELUNGEN:

### OR, A FEW WEEKS WITH A STUDENT IN THE COUNTRY.

BY PROF. CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL.

(Continued from page 269.)

#### CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Captain Sanker had received the goblet from the hand of Mr. Develour, he emptied it without a single word of comment. He had scarcely done so when he felt a torpor steal over him, which compelled him to lean his head upon his hand, while he said to Mr. Develour—

"I do not know, sir, what effects this wine is intended to produce, but I feel a strange sensation in my brain."

Mr. Develour seemed not to notice that these words were addressed to him, and continued to play with his knife, while he kept his eyes fixed upon his plate. After a few seconds, Captain Sanker raised his head again and looked around upon the company; but these few seconds had sufficed to change his countenance and whole demeanor to such a degree that it filled every one with astonishment. His eyes sparkled; he sat erect, and glanced from one to another with looks which plainly indicated feelings of superiority and condescension. Sabi, evidently uneasy, looked at his master as if expecting to receive some direction; but Mr. Develour did not remove his eyes from the plate. Captain Sanker was the first who spoke. Turning to Miss Angelina Ross, he said—

"I do not know, Miss Ross, that I have already made you acquainted with sentiments which must be flattering to you, while they do honor to my taste and judgment. You, among all the ladies of my acquaintance, can best sympathize with my feelings; and I will therefore delay no longer to make known to you my plans and prospects."

Angelina, startled by this address, looked around upon her companions with a flushed countenance and a confused air. This would have betrayed her distress, had not all eyes been fixed upon Mr. Sanker—no one noticed her uneasiness, for all were equally surprised at his appearance and at his words. After a short pause, he continued—

"I hope you will take no umbrage at what I have said so publicly. I consider all present as true friends to you and me; and I am fully convinced that the further disclosures which I have to make are as safe as if they were known to us alone."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Miss Angelina; "Mr. Sanker, I am frightened! Don't, don't talk to me any more. Talk to my brother, to my sister, to any one in the company, but not to me."

"Why should these conventionalities exist, Miss Angelina? I have always thought them foolish, and, in my present position, think them wholly superfluous."

"In your present position!" exclaimed Miss Angelina, hardly knowing what she said.

"Yes, in my present position," replied Mr. Sanker, with a great deal of self-importance. "My wealth alone would have been sufficient to have secured to me the highest honors to which I might have aspired; but now, since my talents are acknowledged, and I am solicited on all sides to favor the world with the productions of my brain, and the works I am so well calculated to produce, I look upon my position only as a natural consequence of being duly appreciated. Confidentially, then, I am appointed ambassador to the court of St. James."

"Is this the result of your essence?" inquired Mr. Karsh, in a whisper, of Mr. Develour; and then added—"What have you given him?"

"Chafis, the essence of which Kacechâ is made," was the whispered reply.

"What is your position to me?" said Miss Angelina, with trembling lips.

"Much, very much," replied Mr. Sanker; "for, if you will be kind enough to place yourself under my instructions, and follow implicitly the directions I can give, you will, at no distant day, become well fitted to preside over my establishment."

"Why, what do you mean, sir!" exclaimed the poor girl, now almost driven to frenzy; and then, addressing her brother, she continued—"Horace, why do you not speak to Mr. Sanker, and make him cease his foolish talk?"

Horace, who had been listening to the conversation like one who could hardly comprehend what was meant by it, immediately complied with the request of his sister, and said—

"Mr. Sanker, your language, to say the least of it, is certainly extraordinary; and, unless you mean the whole as some well got up jest, it will need an instant explanation. Your language is too rational to lead me to suppose that you are under the influence of wine, and too absurd to pass for mere badinage. Remember, sir, you speak to the daughter of Colonel Ross, with her brother by her side, who knows full well what is due to the laws of chivalry."

Mr. Sanker had already risen from his seat, and now went towards Mr. Ross, evidently with some

hostile intention. Mr. Filmot and Mr. Karsh had also risen to interfere, if necessary, between the two gentlemen. But Miss Mariana and Mrs. Thorale seemed perfectly undisturbed. They had watched Mr. Develour's countenance, and now noticed that he addressed a few words to Sabi, to which the black replied with a bow, and then left his master's chair. They concluded, therefore, that Mr. Develour would, when necessary, interfere in such a way as to prevent any mischief; and they seemed now only anxious to know what would be the next act in the performance.

When Mr. Sanker was about to address Mr. Ross in reply to his pompous speech, he was prevented by Sabi, who had stepped between them, and, with a low bow, handed him a white linen handkerchief (which he had or appeared to have picked up from the ground), and said—"Massa lost 'kerchief; too white for lying on the ground."

Mr. Sanker took it from the Moor's hand; and then, thinking that he perceived a strange though pleasant odor about it, he approached it to his face to inhale the perfume. As soon as he had done so, he looked up; and, drawing his hand once or twice across his brow, exclaimed—"Have I been dreaming? Where am I? Strange images are still indistinctly present to my mind. What have I been saying?"

Nobody answered, for every one was gazing at him with astonishment and distrust. After a few moments of silence, he continued—"Tell me what has happened, for it seems to me as if I were still under some mysterious influence?"

Mr. Develour, with a calm look, and a thoughtful expression in his dark eye, as if he were musing over the strange mysteries in the great volume of nature, replied—"You are recovering from the effects of an essence which I gave you. I am sorry it affected you so powerfully; but you were warned of the consequences."

"And by what means was the charm dispelled?" inquired Mr. Sanker.

"By means just as powerful, but known only to the initiated," replied Mr. Develour. "You will certainly not dispute their efficacy."

"No, no," said Mr. Sanker; "I confess there are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamed of in my philosophy."

After a short pause, he continued—"It would give me great pleasure to become one of the initiated; and I have no doubt, if I could only obtain the clue, the password to those secrets, I would soon be able to improve upon some of them and make new discoveries. I have already read a great deal in old books about the mysteries of the ancients, and I know a great many spells of German and Irish origin, though I never had much faith in them."

"I am sorry," replied Mr. Develour, "that it is not in my power to aid you in your laudable desire for information. I perceive our hostess wishes to rise. Have I rightly interpreted Miss Filmot?"

"How could so great a magician ever be mis-

taken?" replied Miss Mariana. "I think a short stroll through the woods will prepare us, better than a siesta, for listening to the rest of the *Niebelungen Lied*; and I was just about proposing it, when you in part divined my intentions. What is your opinion, ladies?"

"A walk! a ramble! let us have a walk!" was the unanimous reply given to this proposition.

"One word before you start," said Mr. Filmot. "Since you are all bent on a pedestrian excursion, so be it; but do not stay too long, if you wish to hear the remainder of the *Niebelungen Lied*. In half an hour, I'll expect to meet you here, and then I will resume my story, and relate it to as many of you as may have gathered together."

## CHAPTER VII.

MR. DEVELOUR offered his arm to Miss Filmot, and Mr. Karsh asked permission to accompany Mrs. Thorale. Mr. Ross drew Mr. Sanker aside for some private conversation, and Miss Keelvey whispered to Miss Angelina to come with her, that she had something of importance to communicate. When each had selected a partner (Miss Harriet had signified her intention to remain with Mr. Filmot, and remove the vestiges of the dinner), they separated and walked in different directions.

Miss Filmot and Mr. Develour took the road toward a little sulphur spring, which bubbled beneath a clump of beech-trees by the side of a murmuring brook. As soon as they were beyond the hearing of the party, Miss Filmot said, with some hesitation—

"Is it improper for me to inquire of Mr. Develour, if what I have seen to-day of his skill was the result of what is ordinarily called supernatural powers?"

"There is no impropriety whatever in the question," answered Mr. Develour; "and I unhesitatingly answer that I lay no claims whatever to supernatural powers. Mr. Sanker's exalted condition of mind was produced by a few drops of chaffis, an essence made of the root of a species of solanum, which grows in several parts of Africa; and the temporary illusion was dispelled by his inhaling Kaceché, the *Spiritus Formicarum*, which is prepared from a species of large ant which is only to be found in the most southern parts of Africa. Kaceché is the most powerful antidote to all opiates and other vegetable poisons. Its effects appear to the uninitiated almost miraculous, for it will often recall life when the vital spark seems already to have fled."

"What a terrible power the knowledge of these things must confer upon the possessor of it," said Miss Filmot. "I can now understand the scene at the dinner-table; for, if I rightly comprehend you, chaffis, while it presents strange visions to the mind, takes from it at the same time all self-control, so that he who has partaken of it exhibits, as it

use, a caricature of himself, but which gives us a better idea of the man than his ordinary conversation. I will now readily grant that natural means were sufficient for your experiment upon Mr. Sanker; but will you assert that similar means sufficed to prepare what I must still call the magic mirror?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Develour; "natural means afforded all that was necessary to present it, and would have enabled me to show you even more astonishing things than those you have witnessed to-day. Miracles, or deeds which cannot be accomplished by the ordinary laws of nature (and they alone can be called supernatural), were never performed by any one except the Supreme Ruler of heaven and earth. Created beings, whether men or spirits, if not under the immediate direction of God, can only act by employing the powers of nature, as far as they are known to them. I confess those powers are vast, and comparatively little known, except to a few initiated; and, when employed by them, appear to the laity supernatural and miraculous."

Miss Filmot, who had become interested in the discourse, looked up to her companion like a child to its teacher, while she said—

"But you do not deny that Lucifer and the other fallen spirits, as well as the magicians of Egypt and the witch of Endor, made use of supernatural means when performing their works of darkness?"

Mr. Develour replied, with a smile—"I do deny that all or any of the personages you have mentioned had ever any such means at their command. Their skill, it is true, surpassed that of the priestly sorcerers of Greece, Persia, and Hindostan; but only in degree, not in kind. The elements around us, if properly employed, are capable of producing results of which the uninitiated have no more conception than a child has of the power concealed in a galvanic battery; and even the initiated are conscious that they have penetrated only into the vestibule of nature's laboratory. But I will give you a practical illustration. You have read, in eastern tales, of men stretching forth their hands, and thus paralyzing their enemies, so that those who stood around them were unable to move hand or foot; and you have probably considered it impossible for men to perform such a feat. I will put it now in your power to do this with your own hand. Take your seat by that sulphur fountain, and watch the effect of its water when combined with other materials."

He then took from his pocket a small glass ball, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, which he presented to Miss Filmot, and said—

"Dip this ball into the water and then throw it among yonder sheep, and notice the results it will produce. But, before you make the experiment, let me moisten your handkerchief with a few drops of this essence."

While he said this, he drew a small phial from his pocket, and poured some of its contents upon her handkerchief and some upon his own. Miss

Filmot, who had dipped the ball as directed, now threw it among a flock of sheep which were grazing and frisking about in an adjoining lot.

The ball had scarcely touched the ground when it broke, and the sheep lost, instantaneously, all power to move, and presented a curious spectacle, for they looked as if they were made of stone: each one continued in the position in which it was when the ball fell among the flock. Their bodies seemed to be lifeless and their limbs inflexible.

Miss Filmot looked at the flock with astonishment and fear, and then upon her companion with a feeling approaching to awe. But he took her hand in his, and, pressing it gently, said—

"There is nothing terrible in what you have done. Let us approach, and see to what extent you have paralyzed them. But, before we do so, take the precaution of inhaling the perfume from your handkerchief."

When she had done so, they entered the lot where the sheep were kept; and, coming up to one which stood with its head erect and apparently gazing at them, Mr. Develour told her to shake a stick at it, as well as at the others. Not one of them stirred or gave the least signs of life. When Mr. Develour saw the bewildered look with which she gazed upon the scene, he again took her hand in his, and said—

"And yet a single wave of that fair hand will restore all these creatures to consciousness and motion."

He then bade her unfold her handkerchief and wave it over the sheep. With an incredulous look, she followed his direction. But what was her surprise when, as soon as she had given her handkerchief to the wind, she saw all the sheep and lambs frisk about the fields as if nothing had occurred to interrupt their innocent gambols. Not one of the animals showed the least sign of having suffered, not one seemed conscious of ever having been deprived of motion.

"This is wonderful and fearful, Mr. Develour," exclaimed Miss Filmot. "If I had read of such a thing, I would have classed it with the stories of Shahrazád. And what would be the effect if such a ball were thrown among men?"

Mr. Develour replied—"It would paralyze every individual within fifteen yards of the spot where it would fall; and, if the neutralizing essence were not administered within fifteen minutes after the breaking of the ball, it would leave them paralytics. And if a ball four times as large were to be filled and thrown among men or inferior animals, it would kill all within the reach of its influence. A deed like this, if the operator has skill enough to throw the ball unobserved (and that is not difficult, if you consider its size), would be looked upon as accomplished by means of supernatural powers."

After a short pause, Miss Filmot looked up with a glance in which timidity was mingled with firmness, and inquired—

"Are women ever initiated in these secrets?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Develour, gravely; "up to the third, and a few to the fourth degree. But the penalties of the initiated are sad."

"And what are they, Mr. Develour?"

"To know man as he is; to obtain a thorough knowledge of the perfect and pure state in which he came into the world; to know the depth of depravity and sin to which his disobedience has reduced him, to be compelled to bear this continually in mind, and to be conscious that no human efforts can extricate him from his deplorable condition."

"That is, indeed, a severe penalty. But I think I could bear it, if an opportunity were offered me to quench my thirst for this kind of knowledge."

"It shall be offered to you, Miss Filmot, if one year hence I shall find you still of the same opinion."

"In one year! And where will it then be offered to me? And who will be my teacher?"

"Mariana—for thus I must call you now—in New York you will find it, and I will be your teacher. Yes, one year hence we shall meet there, and then I will remind you of our conversation by the side of the sulphur spring."

"After all I have seen of you, I am compelled to believe you, though I have no idea how our meeting in New York is to be brought about."

"In New York we will renew the subject. Now let us return to your brother, for the time agreed upon for our walk has expired."

Miss Keelvey and Miss Angeline, who had walked down toward the canal, stopped as soon as they considered themselves beyond the reach of observation. Miss Keelvey then pointed to a rustic bench beneath a large beech-tree, and asked her companion whether she would not prefer a seat on that bench and rest for half an hour, to taking a fatiguing and—as she called it—an absurd walk. Miss Angeline agreed that the bench was preferable, though she looked as if she hardly knew what she said, for her thoughts were still busy with the scene she had just witnessed at the dinner-table. As soon as they were seated, Miss Keelvey took Angeline's hand, and said—

"Now, my dear, be candid with me—has not Mr. Sanker's conduct previous to to-day led you to believe he is in love with you?"

"Why, Olivia," exclaimed Miss Angeline, her face suffused with blushes, "what a strange question! What made you ask it?"

"Well, that will do, my dear," replied Miss Keelvey; "I will ask no more questions. Your blushes have answered me already. Now listen—Captain Sanker is in love with you, and you love him, notwithstanding his foolish exhibition of to-day. I wonder what induced him to take the wine from that man's hand! To tell the truth, I hate that Mr. Devilbour, or whatever his name is; but I'm afraid of him. Now, mind you don't get into his clutches. Take nothing from him; ask nothing of him. I cannot imagine, for the life of me, how he managed to show me all about that young man at the Virginia

Springs. I will tell you all about him at some other time. Now let me advise you how to manage your card about Mr. Sanker. When he speaks again to you, pretend to be very angry; but do not carry it too far—leave a little opening for him to come again. Keep this up for several days, and when he asks you to take a walk with him, consent reluctantly. When you are out in the country, and he insists upon knowing why you treat him so coldly, begin to upbraid him with his strange conduct. Tell him he has ill-treated you by exposing you to the talk of the girls and the whole neighborhood; then begin to cry, and finish by fainting. He will catch you in his arms, and probably imprint a kiss upon your forehead (but you must not notice it). As soon as you see proper to recover, he will be ready to throw himself at your feet with an offer of his hand and heart. I know that is taking a great deal of trouble for a man; but then he is worth fifty thousand dollars, and that ought to be taken into consideration."

"But do you think he will do it?" inquired Miss Angeline, with earnest simplicity.

"To be sure he will, or else I am altogether mistaken in the man," said Miss Keelvey.

"And yet I hate to act in that way," said Miss Angeline; "it looks so much like practicing deception."

"Nonsense," said Miss Keelvey, "we have all to practice a little deception to gain our ends; and, you may believe me, gentlemen are more given to it than we are. And now let me ask a favor of you, which you can grant without much trouble to yourself. You know Dr. Mealy—he has been paying me a great deal of attention for some time past, and I think he is serious. A few evenings ago I made him angry by ridiculing some girls at a party. I afterwards found out they were his cousins. He must be very much displeased, or else he would have dropped in upon our picnic. Now, what I want you to do is simply to tell him, *accidentally*, that you met me to-day; that I looked much distressed; that I inquired several times for him, and seemed uneasy when I found out he had not come. I think that will answer for the present. Will you do this for me?"

"To be sure I will," said Miss Angeline; "but I never thought you cared much for Dr. Mealy."

"Neither do I," said Miss Keelvey, very coolly; "he is only the second string to my bow, and I hope to obtain the first by means of the second. Mr. Hautban, whom I met at the Virginia Springs, is an intimate friend of Dr. Mealy, and intends to visit him during this summer, and, on his return, will stop at our house. Now I hope you see why I wish to be good friends with the doctor; and then, if Mr. Hautban fails, why the doctor may do."

"How you do talk, Olivia," said Miss Angeline. "You almost frighten me."

"You need not be frightened at trifles," replied Miss Keelvey. "Now let us return, or else they may suspect something, and send somebody after us."

When they returned, they found the rest of the party seated in a circle around Mr. Filmot, waiting to hear the remainder of the *Nibelungen Lied*. A few inquiries were made—why they were the last that had returned? and what had kept them so long?—to which Miss Keelway replied in general and evasive terms, and then took her seat with Angelino, next to Mr. Ross and farthest from Mr. Sanker.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MR. FILMOT commenced by saying—"I have already told you that you must now prepare to hear a tale of fearful wrongs and bitter revengo. The muse moves henceforth with grave and portentous steps. Already, at the festive board, intrudes the gloomy spectre. Brunhilda looks at Siegfried, and then laments her head upon her fair hand and weeps. The king perceives this unseasonable sadness, and inquires—

"What ails my love queen?

What trouble fills those eyes with tears, and dims their vivid sheen?

Methinks there is more cause for joy, for unto thee be-long  
My lands and cities far and near, eke liegeman bold and strong."

"But she will not be comforted; and, in the next stanza, we read—

"I have great cause for grief and tears," the maiden queen rejoined.

"Touching thy sister's abject lot, I bear a troubled mind.

Do I not see her sitting there, allied to liege of thine?  
That she is so unworthy matched is cause of my repine."

"Thus she pretends that she grieves only because Chrimhilde is married to a vassal—for as such Siegfried had presented himself to her when he came with Gunther to Isenstein. Of course, this is all mere pretence, for no one knew better than she that Siegfried was of royal lineage. But she has older claims upon the conqueror of the *Nibelungen*, and the green-eyed monster gnaws at her heart. And here again we see an allusion to the saga, related by Mr. Karsh, and which the writer of the *Lied* evidently presupposes to be known to his hearers or readers."

"And yet," said Mr. Karsh, "there is but a slight curtain between the story of the *Nibelungen Lied* and the mythic age. The remarks of a German professor are beautiful and true when he says, 'Remove this curtain, and what a depth of wonder and brilliant scenes is disclosed to our eyes! The Val-kyrias as demigoddesses, and Siegfried, the radiant god, clothed with superhuman power and splendor; and beside him Woutan, the ruler of the skies, who grants the victory to his favorites. Still further on Donar, and Ziu Fro, and Frowa, surrounded by a

host of northern divinities, some colossal, and looming like distant clouds charged with thunder. And others, lovely and gossamer beings, like the fairies which dance beneath the green oak-trees when the moon shines bright. And beyond this world of heathen gods, beyond Siegfried, and Woutan, and Donar, and Ziu, we catch glimpses of an age and a world where nature in her primitive strength and stern mood loitely rules over a primitive people that resemble her in her striking characteristics, and who move and live as if just springing into physical life, without having as yet felt the breathings of a spirit which is to prepare them for a higher state of existence."

"It is true," said Mr. Filmot, in reply, "the mythology of our ancestors offers to us finer scenes and wider fields for study and recreation than that of Rome and Greece. But to return to our story. Brunhilda, though conquered and now the wife of Gunther, arises once more in her warlike character, and refuses her husband admission to her apartment. Gunther endeavors to enter by force, but is met by his wife, who, after she has subdued him, takes her belt, ties his hands and feet, and suspends him on a nail over the door.

"She bound King Gunther hand and foot, nimbly and tight withal,  
Then bore him to a giant nail and hung him 'gainst the wall;

And, lest her sleep should be disturbed, all wooing words forbade.

He nearly lost his life through wayward strength of maid."

"When morning came, she took him down, and made him promise not to intrude upon her hereafter. The poor king confided his troubles to Siegfried, who cheered him up, and promised to accompany him the next night to the queen's apartment.

"When night came, they went to her rooms. Brunhilda again met them at the door; but Siegfried, wrapped in his tarn kappe, stood invisible to mortal eyes by the side of the king, and aided him in conquering his Amazonian queen, who, after she had lost her belt and the ring Andvarinaut, became as timid and tractable as any other woman. Siegfried then took the belt and the ring and presented them to his wife, to whom he confided the secret of his adventure. Alas! he did not know that the possession of that ring doomed its owner to an unnatural death. Siegfried and Chrimhilde then left Burgundo-land, and visited Sigmund and Sigelind. The good parents of Siegfried insisted that he and his wife should stay with them, and that he should take the reins of government. Siegfried consented, and accepted the crown and sceptre.

"Ten years they lived thus, and nothing disturbed their happiness. Chrimhilde became the mother of a son, who was called after his uncle Gunther; and the child of Brunhilda was called Siegfried. But ten years had not quenched Brunhilda's love and jealousy. She prevailed at last upon her husband to

into Siegfried and his wife to a great festival at Worms.

"Siegfried accepts the invitation, contrary to the advice of his father, and goes with his wife to Worms. But on the very first day of their arrival, a dispute arises between Chrimhilde and Brunhilda concerning the respective standing of their husbands. Each upholds her own, until Chrimhilde, vexed by the insolence of her sister-in-law, says—

"Oh, spare thy haughty feelings, pray: 'twas base, indeed, upon my word,  
To let him woo successfully who is but vassal lord!"

And then she tells her that she has the belt and ring, the trophies of Siegfried's victory over Brunhilda's prowess.

"That speech sealed the doom of the noble Siegfried and many a bold heart. In vain did she afterward apologize; in vain was her meek submission to the reproaches with which her husband and her brother overwhelmed her: her rival would not suffer herself to be reconciled. Brunhilda now resolves that Siegfried must lose his life. All her love has turned into bitter hatred. Nothing but his heart's blood can heal the wound her pride has sustained. But where is she to find the arm to strike the blow? Her own relations are far away; not one of her own people is to be found at Worms. She retires to her chamber, and weeps because she knows of no one to avenge her wrongs. In this condition she is found by Hagen, her husband's uncle. He sees his queen weeping; he inquires into the cause, and, when he has learned it, offers her his arm to avenge the stain upon her fair fame. Gunther and his two brothers are then consulted. The king and his brother Gernot agree to have Siegfried slain. The youngest brother tries to dissuade them from so foul a deed.

"But Giselher, so bland and good, fair Utie's noble son, Who, having heard this deed disclosed, spoke out his mind thereon:

"Alas! why will you, noble knights, why will you thus decide?

Our faithful Siegfried's services deserve not such requite—

To murder him clandestinely, to take away his life  
For slight offence which keenly touched an irritated wife."

"But all his pleading is of no avail; Siegfried's death is determined on. They consult as to the best method of bringing it about. A pretended war is finally proposed as the best pretext to get him into a place of danger, and as offering most readily an opportunity of taking away his life.

"Thirty-two horsemen are made to appear in Worms, who bring intelligence that a foe is advancing against the city. The king immediately bids his knights prepare for battle, and requests Siegfried to aid him in combating the enemy. Siegfried readily consents, and orders his Recken to equip themselves.

"But before they set out on their expedition, Hagen goes to Chrimhilde to bid her farewell; and then occurs a scene in which the unsuspecting, confiding nature of woman is strongly contrasted with the base treachery and profound hypocrisy of a man determined on revenge. I will describe it to you in the words of the poem. Chrimhilde says—

"Brave Hagen, Tronnye's matchless chief, I prithee  
ruminate  
That I have e'er been your friend, and never borne you  
hate:  
I now from you expect requite in kindness to my spouse.  
It should not injure him that I Brunhilda's anger  
rouse."

"Said he, "Ere long to Queen Brunhild you will be reconciled.  
Now tell me, Chrimhild, virtuous wife" (thus was the  
fair beguiled),  
"How I may favor render thee in reference to thy lord.  
I am his friend; your wish, of course, I'll readily accord."

"I should not feel, or care, or fear," so spake the  
loving wife,  
"That in the battle's onslaught aught might jeopardize  
his life,  
Would he forego the keen pursuit his courage goads  
him to;  
Then to my good and valiant knight no peril could en-  
sue."

"Princess," said Hagen, "you do feel no small anxiety,  
Lest he should be unfairly slain—this now I plainly  
see.  
Pray tell me what way I may secure your spouse  
'gainst such fate.  
I'll be to him a guardian true from early morn till late."

"Said she, "Thou art my cousin bold, as I thy near  
akin;  
Therefore, on grounds of kindred love and loyalty  
within,  
I trust that thou wilt watchful prove, and guard my  
husband dear."  
She told to him the secret tale, for he had lulled her  
fear.

"Said she, "My Siegfried is bold, and gifted with such  
strength,  
When he the fierce hill-dragon slew of such enormous  
length,  
He bathed him in the monster's blood, which gave his  
skin a charm:  
Since then, in warfare as in peace, no weapon does him  
harm."

"Yet have I tribulation great when he to battle goes,  
And javelins fly from every part, hurled by his bitter  
foes,  
That, through chance cast or unseen stab, I lose my  
better part.  
Alas! for him, what pangful cares I carry in my heart."

"Now tell I, on thy loyalty, my confidential friend  
(For thou hast now thy honor pledged to serve me to  
that end),

Where Siegfried vulnerable is to weapon's deadly point.  
Keep hid the tale, by love and faith and constancy con-  
joint.

"When from the dragon's wounds did flow its red  
and boiling blood,  
And he, the knight, did bathe himself in that crimson  
flood,  
Between his shoulders fixed a leaf that fell from linden-  
tree;  
There is he mortal: for that spot I feel anxiety."

Said Tronyie Hagen, "I advise that you forthwith  
now sew  
Upon his garment some small mark, that thereby I may  
know  
How I can best protect your lord amid the conflict's  
din."  
She purposed to preserve his life, but let foul treachery  
in.

"Said she, "With finest silk, I'll work upon his gar-  
ment's back  
A little unpretending cross; he therefore will not lack  
Thy guardian hand to shield him when the battle is  
most hot,  
And he, in search of victory, amidst the foe has got."

"That will I do," said Hagen bold, "my dear and  
honored queen."  
She thought that she had wisely done and helped her  
spouse, I ween;  
But what she hoped would benefit did but her lord be-  
tray.  
Stout Hagen courteously took leave and smiling went  
away.'

"After she had thus, with her own hand, uncon-  
sciously sealed the death-warrant of her husband,  
she retires, satisfied in her own mind that she has  
contributed her share to his safety.

"Here the bard holds up his hands in horror at so  
ungenerous an act, and exclaims—

'The crowned dastard and his men were now in cheer-  
ful vein.  
I'm certain never valiant knight will do such deed  
again,  
Until the day of judgment, as that day has been seen,  
To fail in loyalty and faith towards man and trusting  
queen!'

"Next morning, by sunrise, Siegfried rode away  
with a thousand of his trusty knights, and Hagen kept  
close by his side. When they had advanced a few  
miles on their road, they observed two men coming  
towards them in great haste. They proved to be  
two messengers who brought the news that the  
enemy had abandoned the expedition and returned  
to his own country. Hagen then proposes to have  
a great hunt in Nagan-wood, to which all agree.  
A great many bears and wolves were killed that day,  
but no opportunity offered itself to dispatch Siegfried.  
At last the royal sport came to an end, and the  
hunters, tired and thirsty, assemble to give an ac-  
count of their success. But the wine is exhausted,  
and the river is too far to procure from it wherewith  
to quench their thirst.

"Then said Von Hagen, Tronyie's chief, "Noble and  
valiant knight,  
I ken hard by a matchless spring, with water pure and  
bright;  
It may prove welcome beverage, so please you we will  
go."  
That counsel caused to many a knight untoward fate, I  
know.'

"They all agree to go to the spring, which is  
represented as being close by. When they come in  
sight of a tall linden-tree, Hagen challenges Sieg-  
fried to a foot-race, and the latter accepts the chal-  
lenge. The spring is agreed upon as the goal.  
Hagen then divests himself of all his accoutrements  
and arms, except his hunting-knife, while Siegfried  
agrees not to lay aside any part of his equipment.  
Then the race begins.

'Like two fierce panthers, they were seen to bound o'er  
the champaign.  
That Siegfried first reached the spring was from a dis-  
tance plain;  
He gained the race and got the praise in view of every  
one.  
His sword he quickly put aside; his belt was then un-  
done;  
The ponderous javelin he did lean against a linden-  
branch;  
Then to the water of the spring went Siegfried the  
staunch.'

"But he committed an error.

'For though his thirst was very great, that thirst was  
not relieved  
Until the Rhenish king had quaffed. Poor thanks the  
knight received.'

"Poor thanks, indeed; for had he drank before  
Gunther and Hagen had come up to him, he would  
have met them erect and with arms in his hands,  
and, thus prepared, no harm could have befallen  
him. When Gunther and Hagen reached the spring,  
the former bent down and drank, and then told Sieg-  
fried to follow his example, that the water was very  
good and cool. Siegfried did so; and while he bent  
down to quench his thirst, was stabbed by Hagen in  
the only spot where he was vulnerable, and which  
was distinctly marked by the cross Chrimhilde had  
sowed upon his coat. Enraged at this treacherous  
act, he springs to his feet, looks around for some  
weapon to avenge himself upon the assassin. But  
his weapons have all been carried off; so he seizes  
the shield, which has been forgotten, and fells Hagen  
to the ground. And then

'The color fled his florid cheeks, he could no longer  
stand;  
His body's strength gave wholly way, and nerveless  
sank his hand;  
Then the pale seal of death was stamped upon his  
manly, noble face.'

"But, before he dies, he addresses his compan-  
ions.



"Oh chieftains, base and infamous,  
How often have you felt my help, basely to serve me  
thus!  
I ever have shown loyalty, and this is my reward:  
Evil for good is all the boon that you to friend afford."

"All the bystanders are dissolved in tears—even  
Gunther and his brothers cover their heads and  
weep. But Hagen, that bold, bad man, rises covered  
with blood, and exclaims—

"I pray you, cease to mourn.  
Our sorrows and vexatious cares we may henceforth  
now scorn.  
Who now remains to cope with us in warfare's daring  
deed?  
I'm satisfied that my own hand of him our land has  
freed."

"A fearful and Lucifer-like character does Hagen  
loom among the rest, like one of Odin's own com-  
panions come to revisit the scenes of his past ex-  
ploits. But Siegfried's life is ebbing fast, and

"Again, in his extremity, thus speaks the wounded  
knight:  
"Wilt thou, O king of Burgundie, once more on earth  
do right?  
Then let Chrimhilde, whom I have loved with loyalty  
and true,  
Receive protecting brother's care and brother's love  
from you.

"Let her by kindness know and feel that she your  
sister is,  
And be to her a faithful friend in all her sore distress.  
Long must my sire and vassals wait return of Siegfried.  
By friends was ne'er done before so foul, so base a  
deed."

"The field flowers all about were wet with royal Siegfried's  
gore;  
He struggled manfully with death, but that was quickly  
o'er."

"When the conspirators perceived that he was  
dead, they consulted together how the sad intelli-  
gence should be carried to the bereaved wife, and  
how the body of the murdered man should be dis-  
posed of. Hagen puts an end to the discussion by  
taking that duty on himself. He has the body con-  
veyed to Chrimhilde's dwelling, and then leaves it  
before her door. One of her chamberlains discovers  
the corpse, and orders it to be brought into the house.  
He then goes and tells his mistress,

"Before the chamber lies, in gore, a dead, a murdered  
knight."

"Chrimhilde shudders at these tidings, and rushes  
to the side of the corpse; frantic with grief, she  
kneels down beside it and weeps as one that would  
not be comforted. But suddenly her tears cease  
to flow; a new thought enters her bosom: she per-  
ceives that his shield is unbroken and not even  
indented, and she exclaims—

"Voe's me, that this should come to pass! Un-  
hacked thy shield has been  
By noble combatants in fight: murdered thou liest here.  
Would that I knew who did the deed—his death should  
be my care."

"All her energies are now concentrated to ascer-  
tain who perpetrated the foul deed. She hopes  
that the ordeal of the bier will reveal it to her;  
and she insists that it be undergone by her brothers  
and Hagen before Siegfried is interred. This ancient  
ordeal consisted in making the persons that were  
suspected of having slain the deceased, pass by the  
bier and touch the corpse; and it was popularly  
believed (and is still believed in many parts of Ger-  
many and the north countries) that

"Whene'er the fell assassin looks upon his victim's  
face,  
The dead man's wounds will bleed anew and thus the  
murderer trace."

And in this case it appears to have proved a true  
test; for, when Hagen touched the body,

"The purple gore gushed from the wounds as it had  
done before."

Chrimhilde then swears eternal vengeance to him  
and to all that were implicated in the murder.

"She persuades her father-in-law and his vassals  
not to attempt, for the present, any act of retaliation;  
and insists that they return to their own country,  
and thus withdraw beyond the power of their arch  
enemy Hagen.

"But she refuses to accompany them. Mysterious  
ties compel her to remain in the place where the  
greatest evil has been inflicted upon her, and where  
the persons live on whom she has sworn to revenge  
herself.

"Three years pass by before she consents to speak  
to her brother Gunther. The king, who was anx-  
ious to bring about a reconciliation, ordered the Nie-  
belungen hord to be brought to his sister, and to be  
left at her disposal. The immense treasure is ac-  
cordingly removed from the cave and transported  
to Chrimhilde's palace; and she makes use of it,  
like a true Saxon woman of the olden time, in dis-  
tributing ample alms among the poor, and in aiding  
every one who sought her assistance.

"Hagen, her evil genius, who watched all her acts  
with a fiend's eye, looks jealously upon her acts of  
liberality; for he fears that, by means of her trea-  
sure, she will gain the hearts of the people, and  
thus furnish herself with instruments to accomplish  
her threatened revenge. He deprives her, therefore,  
of the treasure, and with it of the ring Andvarinaut;  
but having possessed himself of that fatal ring, he  
was brought by his own act under the curse that  
accompanied it.

"The three conspirators, Hagen, Gunther, and  
Gernot, are at first at a loss what to do with the  
hord; they finally agree to throw it in the Rhine,  
and then take an oath that neither of them will ever

reveal the place where it had been thrown, as long as two of them were alive.

“When the Burgundians had thus seized upon the Niebelungen hort, they became also lords of Niebelungen-land, and were henceforth styled Niebelungen; and that is the reason why this poem, which relates the story of their destruction, is called the Niebelungen Lied.

“Thus closes the third act of this tragedy. Chrimhilde is now left to mourn her beloved Siegfried, and to brood over her injuries and the revenge she has sworn to take on her enemies. Hagen, the bold spoiler, walks about like a fiend of Nifflheim, braving the anger of heaven and earth; and his fellow-conspirators live the self-tormenting life of weak, bad men.”

(To be continued.)

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## THE WAGER: OR, THE TWO WEDDING-RINGS.

### CHAPTER FIRST.

"Love you, Charley?—no, not a bit! What should put such a ridiculous idea into your head? Why, you are a mere boy!"

"I am not, Ellen, I assure you. I have not a boyish feeling about me; and, for my appearance, I am sure I do not *look* like a boy in the least. Have I, indeed, cultivated this moustache with so much pains for nothing? Am I not nearly twenty-one? and, above all, do I not love *you* devotedly?"

The roguish little Ellen made no answer, but began to sing—

"A little boy went out to shoot one day,  
 And carried his arrows and bow;  
 For guns they are dangerous things for play,  
 In the hands of little children, you know."

"Nonsense, Elly."

"A little bird sat on a cherry-tree,  
 And whistled and said, 'You can't shoot me!'"

"And neither can you, Mr. Charley," said Ellen, laughing.

"I don't know about that," said Charles, saucily. "I think, little maiden, that you are more than half in love with me already, and I will see if I cannot make you quite so."

"Just hear how the song goes on," said Ellen—

"'Only wait,' said the boy, 'till I get close enough,  
 And see if I don't shoot you through.'  
 'Do you think,' said the bird, 'I'm not up to snuff,  
 To sit and be shot at by you?'"

Charles laughed in spite of himself, but returned to the charge.

"But tell me seriously, Elly, *why* you don't love me, and I will move heaven and earth to be more agreeable to you. Tell me what you desire and wish for in a lover."

"Well, Charles, in the first place, my lover must be a handsome *man*, six feet high at least (*you* want full an inch of the standard), then he must have a great bushy beard (excuse me, deary Charley, but your little moustache is rather a miserable substitute), then he must waltz divinely, sing enchantingly, and love me as well or better than you do."

"Pshaw!" said Charles, impatiently, "if you *had* such a lover, you would not like the grizzly bear one-half so well as you do me. I would bet you your wedding ring, that if such an one as you describe were to appear, which is not very likely, you would, after all, tell me that you would take me in preference."

"Tell you so, indeed!" said Ellen, indignantly; "*that* will I never do, and I willingly accept your wager."

"Very well, Elly; I see you have some vague, romantic dream of some corsair of a lover, and, for the present, I stand but a poor chance; but you know I am to set out on my travels to-morrow, and—

'My love she's but a lassie yet,  
 My love she's but a lassie yet;  
 I'll leave her for a year or twa,  
 And she'll nae be so saucy yet.'

Pardon me, Elly, you are fond of old songs—good-by!" So saying, the gay and handsome young man left the apartment.

The next day Charles came to take leave of Ellen, previous to going to South America, where he expected to sojourn for two or three years. They were both sadder than on the day before, and Ellen's eyes looked very much as though she had been having a "good cry" before he came.

"Well, Elly," said Charles after awhile, with an effort to be gay, "do you still persist in what you said yesterday? don't you love me one bit?"

"Not much," said Ellen, faintly.

"And do you still want that whiskerando of yours to come and woo and win you?"

"Not much," said Ellen again; "that is to say —"

"Pshaw, Ellen! I see very plainly how the matter stands with you," said Charles. "You are in love with *me*, I tell you."

"Indeed I am not, sir," said Ellen, indignantly.

"Indeed you are, my dear," said Charles, "over head and ears in love—but you don't know it; and I suppose I must wait patiently till you find it out and tell me so."

"That will never be," said Ellen.

"I have not forgotten our bet, Elly; and, when you reject your 'ideal,' and tell me you love me. I shall expect you to present me with *our* wedding ring; but, should you marry your blue-beard, I will present you with yours."

"Very well, sir," said Ellen, "I may meet with my 'ideal' sooner than you think, though I *am* but a 'lassie' yet;" and she tossed her roguish little head scornfully.

"Well, well, Elly, don't be angry; remember only this, that you have one plain, honest-hearted lover, who will never forget you—and, Elly dear, let me advise you to beware of those fancy lovers. Pirates, handits, and Spaniards are to be particularly guarded against, being, as all young ladies know, exceedingly dangerous."

## CHAPTER SECOND.

THREE years passed quickly away. Ellen had "come out," and had gained, by her sweetness and vivacity, several sincere admirers; but still the hero, the "ideal," had not yet appeared. Charles was still retained abroad, and was not expected back for another year at least. Could he have seen the joy with which his letters were received by Ellen, and known that the last was always kept in her bosom and read again and again, he might have felt pretty well assured of the state of her heart; as it was, he became at times rather despondent. But, unfortunately, about this time a personage who bid fair to realize Ellen's romantic dreams appeared in society. He was a Spaniard and a count; he was also handsome and accomplished—and all the girls were in love with him. Ellen heard of nothing but the count for some time before she met with him. She saw him at last at a party—one of her young friends pointed him out to her. As she looked towards him, she saw a tall, noble-looking man, very dark, very handsome, and, better still, there was the magnificent beard. Soon afterwards, the count was introduced to her, and, after a little conversation, during which the count seemed much agitated, he told her that she so strongly resembled a very dear friend he once had, that he could not look at her without emotion. The suppression of deep feeling on his part was so evident, that Ellen's warm sympathies were excited at once. She became interested in him, more especially as she found that his conversational and intellectual powers quite equaled his sensibility. Her own talents were called forth by his, and she could not but feel that she was appearing to great advantage to the pensive stranger. But soon, sooner than she expected or quite wished, he left her and returned no more. Surely, thought Ellen, he will ask me to dance; but no—he returned no more that evening. Ellen went home a little discontented and vexed. The next evening she met with him again—but he merely bowed and passed on. A few nights afterwards, they met once more at a friend's house. Towards the end of the evening, after Ellen had seen him admired and flattered by half the ladies in the room, she was rather surprised when he came and took a quiet seat beside her. They soon fell into very pleasant conversation. The count had been a great traveler, and Ellen soon discovered that he had been in South America. She ventured, timidly, to ask if he knew Charles Sommers?

"Yes, I have met with him in Valparaiso several times—a fine fellow, and a great pot with the ladies."

Ellen blushed.

"Is he a particular friend of yours?" asked the count.

"Yes—no," Ellen said, "not a very great, not a very particular friend;" and growing very much embarrassed as she thought she saw a smile on the count's face, she added hurriedly, and blushing deeply, "only a slight acquaintance."

The count seemed well pleased with her answer. He remained beside her some time longer, and afterwards asked her to dance. She could not, of course, but be conscious of the éclat of being the partner of the handsomest man in the room—he whose smiles all were seeking; but, though pleased and flattered, no mean feeling of triumph over her many rivals entered Ellen's gentle breast.

On the following day the count called, and afterwards they met constantly, and always, as by a mutual impulse, they seemed to seek each other's society. The count grew more and more devoted. Ellen was most frequently his partner in the fascinating waltz, and he waltzed superbly. He invited her to ride, and I confess those rides were dangerous things. The count rode even better than he waltzed, and looked so noble on his proud steed. As they passed slowly through those beautiful, fresh, heart-warming country scenes, and through those long, quiet, shady lanes, I will confess the time was perilous. Once in particular, when Ellen's horse was restive, and the count was obliged to soothe and encourage the frightened girl, I will admit that her heart was in great danger. But if the count's heart was in equal peril, he did not show it—he was always calm and imperturbable. Ellen could not decide what his feelings were, but she was almost sure he did not love her. Sometimes, indeed, she thought it quite possible he might; if she only knew, she would know how to act.

## CHAPTER THIRD.

ONE evening, after about two months' acquaintance with the count, Ellen gave a party. While at her toilet, it must be confessed she consulted her mirror with more than usual care. She could scarcely make her dark hair smooth enough; and she, who generally thought but little of dress, now wavered and debated for half an hour, before she could decide between her white crapo dress and her pink silk. The white was at last chosen; and, with a white wreath round her graceful head, she certainly looked very lovely.

The evening advanced, but the count did not appear. Ellen's color rose and faded every time the door opened and closed; but he did not come until she had almost given him up. Ellen spoke to him almost coldly as he greeted her; but very soon she felt her displeasure fading away under the charm of his conversational powers. His manner was so kind, so deferential, so gentle to her, that her heart softened to him almost tenderly.

He was called upon to sing, and as Ellen heard his rich voice, so full of feeling, and listened to the impassioned words of his song, she felt a strange, wild joy in her heart. As he ceased singing, his eye sought hers, as though he sung for her alone. She replied by a glance from eyes full of tears. The count was soon again by her side, and he contrived, after a time, to lead her through the parlor-conserva-

tory into the garden. The night was soft and warm. They both walked along in rather awkward silence. At length the count, in a suppressed voice, said—

"Dear Miss Ellen, permit me to say to you one word, and to ask you one question."

Ellen wished to speak, but she could not utter a single word. The count went on—

"I would—I must tell you briefly, but truly, that I love you, and ask if you can—if you *do*—love me in return."

Ellen was so agitated that she could scarcely support herself. The count, perceiving this, hastily threw his arm around her, as if to support her; then as quickly withdrew it, and, rather embarrassed, offered his arm. Ellen struggled for calmness, but she was greatly agitated. She pressed her hand to her bosom, and felt there Charles's last letter. She grew more and more undecided. She knew not what to do or what to think. After a violent mental conflict, she said—

"You will think it very strange, but I cannot answer your question; I feel that I do not know my own mind; I cannot decide what I ought to do." She paused, and trembled exceedingly from nervous excitement.

"Do not be agitated," said the count kindly, almost tenderly; "much as I suffer while my fate is undecided, you shall not be hurried in making your decision; take what time you wish to know your own mind; permit me only to ask when I can know your determination."

Ellen hastily named the next day; and, escaping from him, ran to her own room to endeavor to compose herself before again appearing amongst her guests. When she returned to the parlor, the count was not there. Oh, how inexpressibly dull and tiresome the time seemed till the company departed!

Ellen passed a sleepless night; but when the count was announced on the following day, she went down to see him with a calm and decided air; but when he came forward to meet her, with his fine eyes full of love and anxiety, she felt her heart sink, and she said quickly, in order not to give herself time to relent—

"It gives me more pain than I can express to feel that I am disappointing so noble a heart as yours; but, I confess to you—and I hope you will pardon me for not sooner knowing my own mind—I feel

now that another, unknown even to myself, had my heart before I ever knew you."

The count grew pale. Ellen went on, in a faltering voice—

"Believe me, dear friend, when I tell you that I have never known any one whom I regard so highly as yourself, save *one*—and I am sure that, had I never known Charles Sommers, I should love you."

"Charles Sommers!" cried the count, in a joyful tone; "ah, Elly, dear Elly, you are then my own for ever," and he clasped her in his arms.

"Dear Charles," said Ellen, after she had recovered from her surprise, "how blind I was not to have known you sooner, though you have so greatly changed. But tell me—why all this disguise and mystery?"

"It was the great change which had taken place in my appearance," said Charles, "which induced me to play this masquerade. I remembered your old wish for a hero lover, and I determined to see if I could win you in that guise. You see I have now most of the desired requisites—a tall figure, a tolerably handsome face, and, best of all, the large beard."

"I see, my friend, you have lost none of your conceit in your travels," said Ellen.

"And could you, Elly, after all, find it in your heart to give up this fine fellow and your countess-ship for your old lover Charles? Ah, dearest, sweetest little Elly, you have lost your bet, for have you not told me to my face that you love me?"

"Not before you told *me* so, count though you were," said Ellen.

"But I claim my wedding-ring—the forfeit," said Charles.

"And I mine," said Ellen, quickly—she was going to add, "for I shall marry my 'ideal,'" but she stopped and blushed.

Matters were soon arranged between the lovers, and, friends consenting, they were in due time married, as all such worthy and faithful lovers deserve to be. One peculiarity only marked the ceremony. After the ring had been placed on the finger of the bride, she herself placed one in return on that of the groom.

Thus happily terminated "the Wager."

## WRITING A STORY.

BY H. J. BEYERLE.

As everybody, now-a-days, fables in literature, and not desiring to be behind the age, I took it into my head to write a tale for "Godley." So, trimming my brains for study, and pointing my lead-pencil, that I may commit to paper the ideas as they are created, I push my chair to the table, ready to commence the business. But, like a great many other things, writing a story is easier said than *done*. In the first place, an author should know what to write about. Love!—It is an exceedingly nice thing to write a love story, and, in addition to this, the subject is almost inexhaustible; but for a married man, with a squalling baby in the cradle, besides two or three "dear little ones," who hang, and shake, and push about one's table—(while I write, one of them has upset my inkstand, and poured the "black writing-fluid" in a copious stream over my sheet)—and all this the *consequence* of love: for such a man to write *about* love, pshaw! But what *can* one write amid the screaming and prating of children? It's excessively annoying! I must immediately call on Mrs. Dr. Smith to quiet the baby, and take the children into the garden, it is so cool out yonder. There, that's a little more comfortable. Yet I am in continual danger of interruption. You cannot imagine the life a physician leads. Whenever the good people take a notion of getting sick, let it be day or night, let it be rain, or hail, or snow, or tropical sunshine, let him repose in the soft arms of Morpheus, or wander on the rocks and cliffs of Parnassus, or be at meeting—let him be doing something or nothing, he—I mean the doctor—must be contented to do as the sovereign people desire. And this proves exceedingly annoying at times. So much for the introduction, and now for the story.

"It was a fine day in the fall month of September, 1774, the city of Philadelphia presented a scene of stir and activity that was truly admirable. The delegates to represent their respective colonies in Congress had made their appearance, and the novelty—the First Congress Session—had attracted an unusual crowd of visitors to Quakerdom. Among the many strangers that walked the crowded pavements, there was one who invited and received the particular attention of all who chanced to see him. He was a man apparently about fifty years of age, and his costume was the antique Dutch. The expression of his eyes and face in general was peculiarly bewildered and confused; and, every now and then, as he cast a glance upon the things around him, he was observed to shake his head, as if doubting the *reality* of reality."

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Knock, knock at the door. Reader, excuse my story for a moment.

"Who is—walk in, *sir*"—but it was a *lady*.

"Take a chair, miss," I continued, after the preliminary compliments were through. "What's the news?"

"Oh, nothing 'ticklar," was the short reply

The girl appears very bashful; and, seating herself, she casts her eyes on the floor. She is evidently waiting for me to recommence the conversation, which she, by her short reply to my first question, had so unceremoniously closed. Being vexed at the interruption—and I doubt not but that you, my *patient* readers, will be the same—I am now determined to outsilence her; and, taking the pencil, I am about resuming the narrative, when she speaks—

"Please, doctor, mother said you should come up; Sammy is so powerful sick."

"Indeed, sis! What does he complain?"

"Aunt says as it's an *information* of the brain, and will surely mortify if we do nothin'."

"An inflammation of the brain!—that's sovero. How long has he been confined?"

"Sir?"

"I mean, is he in bed?"

"No, sir; he won't go to bed: but he's got such a headache, and can't eat, and is so powerful weak."

"I have an engagement with Godley"—

"Sir?"

"I'll come, sis; tell your mother I'll come."

"You shall come directly, doctor," she muttered, as she slammed the door after her.

Do not be uneasy, dear reader; from the account I received, I judged the patient to be remote from danger. I shall, therefore, attempt to finish our story before I go. How exceedingly annoying!

"I was telling you of a remarkable stranger that walked the streets of Philadelphia. He bent his course towards one of the best hotels in the city; and having entered, and still wearing that look of bewilderment, he stepped up to the bar, and asked—

"What city ish dis?"

"Philadelphia, sir," answered the barkeeper, half smiling.

"So doy say," was the dry and confused reply of the stranger.

"Add to this curious question of the stranger his antiquated dress, and his confused manners, and you will undoubtedly feel disposed to pardon the impoliteness which the guests displayed, by all turning their heads towards the new comer, and thus

unintentionally increase his confusion. As we intimated, all eyes gazed upon him, which circumstance brought a slight flush to his otherwise pallid face. He took a seat, and placing his hat on the floor, he seemed to lose himself in deep meditation. And now, whilst we have a very favorable opportunity, let us examine him a little closer. Were it in our power to remove that expression of bewilderment—which, however, has been very much diminished since he entered the hotel—we would undoubtedly pronounce his face to be that of an intelligent and experienced person. His aquiline nose, high eyebrows, and ample forehead, betray an honest and sensible man. His hair is of raven blackness, long and straight, and regular as flax. In form he is tall, and rather inclined to corpulency. In short, his whole appearance is that of a man with whom we would like to deal—with whom we would like to talk, and laugh, and be on terms of friendship.

"The stranger had been in his musing position for about fifteen minutes, when he suddenly lifted up his eyes, and said—

"Gentlemen, what date ish dis?"

"The seventh of September, 1774," answered several gentlemen, very seriously; for, in spite of the oddness of the scene, none felt disposed to jest—the stranger's aspects were so distressed, and yet earnest and confidential.

"So dey say," was the simple reply; but, after a short pause, he added: "Either all de world is mad, or I am;" and, taking up his hat, he went towards the door.

"Stop, friend," said one of the guests, mildly. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"Tell me de truth," said the stranger, respectfully bowing to the person who had addressed him; "tell me de truth, on your honor, ish dis de town of Philadelphia? and ish dis day de seventh of September, 1774?—or have all de people of dis place conspired against me, determined to increase my dismay?"

"It is just as every one tells you: this is Philadelphia, and this the date you have just mentioned," replied the gentleman who had before spoken to him.

"Then listen to me!"

Listen—who can? Somebody at the door again. How exceedingly annoying!

"Doe, are you at home? Oh, I've got a horrible toothache!"

"Have you? I'm sorry for that—bad company."

"And I want the offender taken out."

"Why, sonny, it is customary to take offenders in."

"Yes; and sometimes they take in, themselves. But I want none of your crackers, doe; set to work."

"Separate your jaws, sir; we shall soon catch him."

How annoying this country practice; we must be dentists and everything.

"There, sonny, he is out."

"Heigho, doctor—Judy, that hurts!"

"It is all over."

"Thank ye for't. You're a writin';—a story, I'll bet, for Godey;—wish I could see it."

"You shall see it, sonny, after it is published. Good-by; that's a good boy."

"Good-by, doe," cried my youthful customer, taking my gentle hint, and leaving the room.

Now for the story. How excessively annoying to be interrupted at the best part of it!

"The stranger again took his chair, and said (but I shall not follow his Dutch pronunciation):—

"My name is Petrus Von ——. I was born at Fort Orange, in the year 1645. Two years previous to my birth, my parents had come over from the Netherlands. In the old country, they stood in the first ranks of the common people—were respectable, honest, and wealthy. These circumstances were a guarantee to distinction in their new home. And my father received that distinction; for in all political and industrial transactions, which were in the hands of the citizens of Fort Orange, he was certain to be consulted, and his opinions generally threw the preponderance into that party with whom he thought it his duty to side. In his veins flowed the unalloyed Dutch blood: he was a strenuous defender of our rights, and fearlessly opposed the British aggressions. But he died before the true crisis arrived: death saved him from the pain it would have occasioned him to see the New Netherlands in the undisputed possession of our enemies.

"His opinions and his principles were also mine. I would always have been willing and ready to sacrifice my life for my country. But this satisfaction was denied me;—you must be acquainted with the shameful surrender which Petrus Stuyvesant was compelled to make to the English. Indignant at the conduct of my countrymen, I left the 'Province of New York,' as they now called the country of Heinrich Hudson, with the determination to look upon it no more. At first, I traveled North; but, as I could not agree with the strict Puritanism practiced in New England, I turned myself into another direction, and, after wandering about for many years, I at length arrived in Philadelphia in the year 1695. They say *this* is Philadelphia! I am not dreaming, gentlemen. Surely, I am awake! I am seated in a hotel in—in Philadelphia!"

Here the confusion of the speaker increased; he blushed, and rubbed his eyes, and looked about himself. After a moment's pause, he continued—

"One day—it seems to me like yesterday—I went up the banks of the Schuylkill, with my gun on my back, to look for some game. Not meeting with anything worth a shot of powder, I continued my ramble for a long stretch into the wild and picturesque woods. Suddenly, an old man stood before me! There was something peculiar in his face, which disconcerted me for a moment; but a pleasant smile, which presently started in the corners of his mouth, and played upon his lips like Innocence herself, restored the equanimity of my mind. With great familiarity he took hold of my hand, gave me a hearty shake, but quickly came round with his

other hand, grasped me by the throat, threw me to the ground, and, before I could pray for mercy, he overpowered me, tied a cloth around my eyes, and throwing me on his shoulder, ran off at a rapid pace."

Reader, I am very nervous; the least noise will disturb the equilibrium of my mind. There is a humming sound right under my table, that I must look after. Oh, it's a careless wanderer that fell into a trap—a fly in a spider's web. Well, there is a fuss, I'll declare, that the little fly makes about herself! How the poor thing kicks and flutters to disengage its pedal extremities from their unpleasant fetters! Murderous rogues, those spiders;—and there he sets, the proud castellan, grinning his teeth and laughing in his sleeves for the lucky capture he has made. I've a mind to smash him to atoms!—but no;—reader, I have a certain weakness about me, if it is a *weakness*, namely, an insatiable love of Natural history, and this prompts me to spare the life of the felon spider. Indeed, I am opposed to capital punishment in general. It seems to me there can be no satisfaction in it. The chastisement is soon over, and there is no chance for the culprit to reform and become a better citizen, or spider, or whatever he is. And the one I am looking at is really a pretty spider; none of your clumsy, crawling animals, but a real nice, sleek, and good-looking specimen of his tribe, one that would do honor to a king's palace. But the fly is struggling wonderfully; there is actually some fear of its breaking prison; and the watching spider seems aware of it, too. But he is an ingenious fellow, and will soon do something to make more certain of his prize. Now he approaches the writhing prisoner, and slowly winds a thread around him, which, now that he has completely circumnavigated him, he draws on tight, and the hum of the fly is decreasing very much, because its wings are fixed immovably. The spider is quite pleased with his ingenious operation, and, after contemplating it for a moment, he resumes his labor, and very adroitly binds one thread after another around the poor fly, so that she cannot move even a foot. Now she is harmlessly suspended in his net, and he confidentially approaches, and, the rogue, embraces her, and smacking his lips, he imprints a ki—psaw!—It is not necessary for the ladies to know what; but so much I'll tell you, it is not out of love, but merely to bring his poisonous mandibles in contact with the body of the fly, for the purpose of destroying her life, as such a *kiss*—there you have it—is inevitably fatal.

The hum is silenced, and we shall resume our story.

"After running about ten minutes, he stopped, placed me on the ground, and unbound my eyes. We were on the top of a small hill, and in a part of the country I had never before seen. My mysterious companion still displayed that innocent smile; and taking a small glass, with a golden frame around

it, out of his pocket, he motioned me to look into it. I obeyed, and was astonished at what I saw.

"The first object that met my view was the British flag. It was suspended high in the air, and beneath it there was an immense multitude of people, whom I knew to be my countrymen. They were laboring at all kinds of trades. In the distance, I saw a number of ships; and, when they approached the flag, the sailors mounted the masts, and cheered the ensign of their country. I could not hear the sailors' voices, but their movements and gestures showed very plainly what they were about. Presently a storm arose, which wrecked the ships and tore the flag into tatters, which were then carried by the wind into all directions. When the tempest subsided, I saw large armies of soldiers in British uniforms; and when they arrived at the place where the multitude of people were at work, they scattered themselves among the industrious citizens, and took up the rags and tatters of the flag, which turned into serpents in their hands, and with them scourged the people. The masses sank on their knees, and asked for mercy, but none was shown. But, when the people at length saw that supplication was vain, they resolved to resist. And I saw a tall figure rise from among them, who held an eagle in his hand; and soon the bird took to its wings, flew among the soldiers, tore the serpents out of their hands and devoured them. At the same time, the tall man gathered our countrymen into companies, and a war ensued, in which the red-coated soldiers were completely routed. A new flag, which I cannot describe, now waved in the air; and with this the old man returned the glass into his pocket.

"Night had set in, and my companion gently approached me, blindfolded me once more, to which I made no resistance, and took me into his arms and walked off; in about ten minutes he stopped, brought me to the ground, and, when my eyes were opened, I was astonished to be in this city. The old man laughed maliciously, and went away, I know not whither. This was about two hours ago. Now, gentlemen, make the best of it you can: so will I. But that man whom I saw in the glass, he who mustered the army for the defence of his country, and defeated the British, him I shall never forget. Oh, that my eyes could behold him once more! The first sight of him struck my heart with admiration—his appearance was so venerable, so *divine*! That eagle glance of his! that majestic air! that commanding carriage! Oh, I can never forget them!—neither can I describe them.—Out there!—there," he cried, vehemently, as a gentleman passed the door; "there is the man I saw in the glass!"

"And suddenly the stranger's features changed, his hair turned white as snow, he staggered towards the door, but fell ere he arrived there, and was a corpse!

"The gentleman who had just passed the door was COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON!"